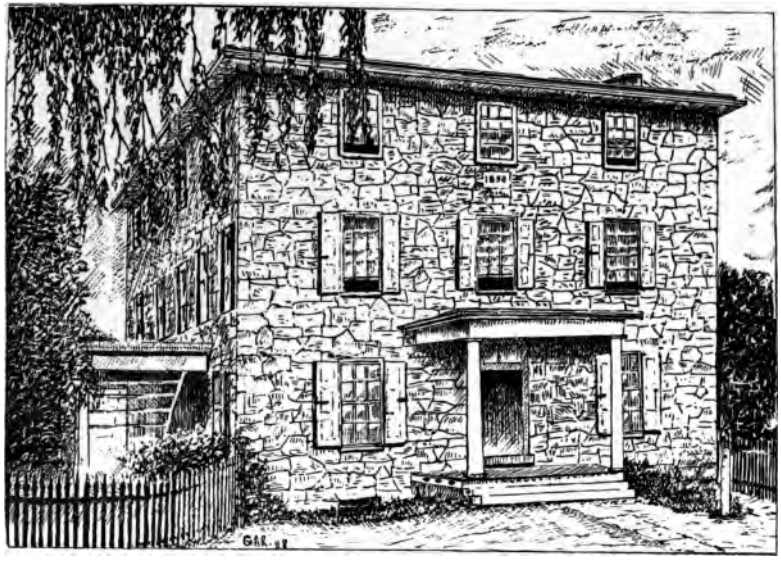
Hypatia's school.

1.8.



THE FARM HOUSE.

OLD WESTTOWN

A Collection

EDITED BY

FRANCES C. TATUM

Philadelphia:
FERRIS BROTHERS
SIXTH AND ARCH
1888

Dedicated

TO THE STAUNCH OLD WALLS, WHICH,

FOR EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS,

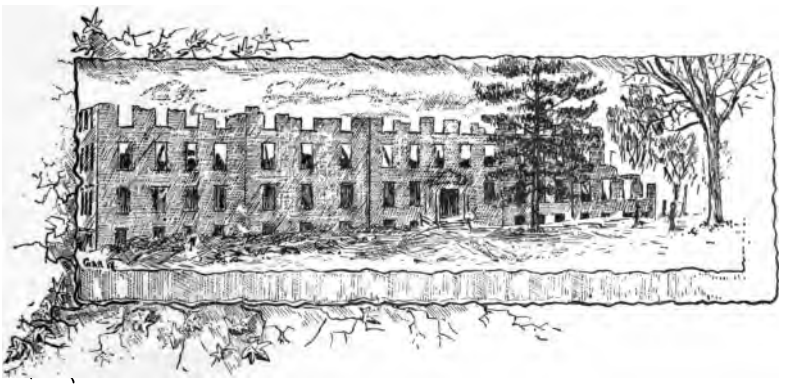
SHUT IN THE YOUTH OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

FROM THE TUMULTS OF THE WORLD WITHOUT;

WITH THE HOPE

THAT THOSE WHICH HAVE ARISEN ON THEIR RUINS

MAY DO AS GOOD SERVICE.



PREFACE.

ONE who was at Westtown during the days when the old building was giving way before the advance of the new, has written a lively account of the devastations of the relic hunters. From it we learn that one of Westtown's former governors has had the door of "13" (his old room), number, key, and all complete, transported to his home, and hung in his barn. Another barn has a cupola made of shutters from the old building. A closet from one of the teacher's rooms has gone off bodily to Maryland, where, in the future, it will be exhibited as a relic of the reading-room, "in which one of our great-aunts was reading and grammar teacher a long time ago, at Westtown,"—and brass door knobs, tiles from old fire-places, bricks from the walls, and wood, formed into many articles, from desks and tables to napkin rings and paper cutters, have been scattered over the country. The supply was exhausted before the demand was satisfied.

The feeling which inspired this book was that some of us, who have no barns in which to hang extra doors, or on which to construct cupolas, who may have been left out in the distribution of cupboards, and have not even an old brick or a paper-cutter to call our own,

might still be glad of some relic of the Westtown that has been,—something to serve as a link between our present and that portion of our past spent beneath its roof.

It is an admitted fact that old Westtowners enjoy talking of the school, and their own experiences there. The absorbing interest which a pupil feels just after leaving, lessens, of course, as the numerous interests and duties of the world without claim the attention; but much of the feeling remains, and is shown when opportunity calls for it. We hope to foster that love for Old Westtown by these pages, and believe also that there are some phases of the old *régime* that are worth noting by those who are not directly interested in the School. The contrasts presented between the olden time and the present are not inevitably in favor of the latter; and if there was much in the old system that seems harsh and stern, there was also much that was "lovely and of good report."

A very busy man, who was among those invited to contribute toward the making of this book, politely declined in the beginning of his letter, on the score of pressing engagements, but paused to remark, "It makes me feel as if I were a veritable patriarch, when I think of the number of years which have elapsed since I first went to Westtown;" then recalls his feelings on entering the school, and then the kindnesses received from this and that person,—is reminded of one anecdote, then of another,—and so on, through some sixteen pages, at the

close of which he says, "Most unexpectedly I have run on with my pen, doing just what I said I could not do. But I could not help it.

> "Lulled on the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain.
> Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
> Each stamps its image, as the other flies."

This feeling, that the pleasure of receiving contributions has been matched by a pleasure in giving them, had added to the enjoyment of of the editor, whose interesting task it has been to group these relics together,—to wander through the halls of old Westtown, as it were, and gather up, here an old tile, and there a bit of time-worn wood, which to construct this memorial. It does not profess to be a complete model of the old building in any sense, but merely an assortment of relics,—not a history of the school, but only fragmentary sketches, with small regard for dates and sequences. And to the kind friends, without whose aid it could hardly have been written at all, a debt of thanks is due, which is gratefully paid to each and every one, as though mentioned by name. The members of the Westtown Historical Committee most generously placed their portfolio at the editor's disposal, and a review of its interesting contents, which represent the careful, intelligent work of years, leads us to hope that they will give the friends of Westtown the *full* benefit of it at some future time. These friends of Westtown will always be ready to hear about it. And how can their number grow less, while the school holds its place in our Society?

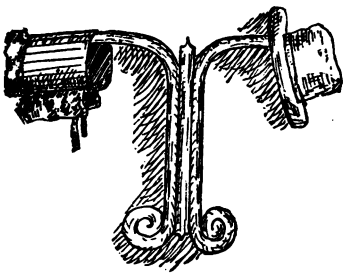
One who belongs to the time of the old building, and who visits the School now, is apt to feel that *all* is changed. But this is not true. The grounds are not the same, and we miss some of our familiar walks; the steam whistle startles us, when we were expecting the deliberate and well-remembered tones of the old bell; there are countless *small* surprises, beside the ever-present one of the building itself; but yet we know, when we pause to think of it, that Westtown is still to its boys and girls what it was to us,—a centre of common interests, a nursery of many of life's dearest friendships, a place in which to lay the foundations of that "guarded education," which was the aim of its founders.

F. C. T.

Oakland, Seventh month, 1888.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOTH SIDES
(IN 1851.)



THROUGH the kindness of two Friends, we are enabled to make complete a picture of the West-town of this period.

If either one of them spoke alone, the result could be but a one-sided view. Mounted together, especially when the stereoscope of memory is brought to bear upon them, we can but think that many familiar features will be recalled.

THE GIRLS' SIDE.

MY story must tell only of west end life, for the east end of the building thirty-five years ago was very much farther off socially than now, although the distance in feet was less; and what could a girl in those days know of "those not termed girls," as we satirically named the boys of the school? or, indeed, of men, women, or children, outside of her little world, except as it was revealed in the home letters? Newspapers were unseen and unmentioned, and the political changes of the day less known to us than what appeared in our history books.

Those were the days when, as far as form of government went, we were ruled by the letter of the law, rather than by the spirit. Five different prohibitions, none of them distinctly recognizable as of moral

delinquencies, were mentioned each morning, with the request that any who had broken these rules should stand up. If my memory serves me rightly, they were, Speaking in the chamber, Going out of bounds, Marking premises or furniture, Singing, and Using the plural pronoun to one person,—"Plural Language" was the common name of this last transgression. The result of such close questioning may be imagined. A larger and larger proportion of the girls quietly kept their seats when they had transgressed, arguing that they had made no agreement thus to tell on themselves. A ludicrous sequel to this magnifying of petty offences by the authorities occurred one morning. A pillow having been found on the landing where the girls entered their chamber, the governess naturally imagined that some girls had been indulging in the rank disorder of a pillow-fight; and the solemnity with which she besought the offenders to rise and own the deed, and then announced that, as there was no confession, the one whose pillow was missing must suffer the consequences, arose from her sincere uneasiness at the lack of frankness she began to suspect. Presently bed-making time came, and the girls trooped up to the chamber, every one ignorant, every one curious.

Fortunately no one's was missing, and the governess then supposed that "the pillow had come down from above!" The character of that apparently supernatural region, old Westonians will recognize.

The penalty for nearly all offences was taking one's seat; that was, sitting still in play-time for a half hour or so, under a teacher's surveillance. Surely the teachers were to be pitied who had to keep this watch; but that we were far from recognizing at the time. A row or two of girls sitting at the desks at the front of the collecting-room in this enforced idleness was an almost daily sight. Of course it was intended that this time should be given to profitable meditation on one's

misdeeds, and resolves to do better; but I have no recollection that conscience troubled the offenders. Taking one's seat was looked upon as an inconvenience—that was all. For the reasonableness of the rules was not generally made clear to us—they were just *rules*.

One consequence of this system was that what was not mentioned in the rules we thought we might do. If we couldn't sing, we might whistle and dance,—dancing not having been thought of as a possible transgression when the rules were made. I wouldn't like to say that the steps were accurate, but, according to our knowledge, dance we did, frequently. The old wash-room, most unromantic of places, with its wooden troughs and rows of tin basins, was the arena of cotillions and Virginia reels, wherein half of the performers personated gentlemen, being distinguished merely by towels tied on their arms. We were perfectly conscious that this proceeding would be discountenanced by the authorities, and therefore a watch was set to give notice of their approach.

One unwritten law, however, had a mighty effect. We were so impressed with the idea that any intercourse with the boys of the school was seriously out of the way, that mere speaking to an acquaintance across the fence, when each party was within due bounds, was considered mysterious and exciting; as was also a gift of cherries from a cousin or friend of the opposite sex. Detection of such intercourse was especially dreaded. Once a girl of general good conduct found an unexpected exception in her report to be sent home, and, not understanding how she had offended, asked the teacher. She referred her to the governess, who met the inquiry by another, "Didn't thee correspond with a boy last session?" She had to confess that she had, and, overwhelmed by the thought that it was known, retreated. Afterwards she wished she had offered to show the notes, containing most decorous little inquiries and reports concerning home letters from

mutual relatives, with no sentiment about them. She might better have inquired how the misconduct of several months before affected her record for that month, as she was doubtless conscious of offending at the time of writing the notes. Under the happier régime of the present, the comparison of news from friends might have been made openly, by word of mouth, without offence.

In many ways we were restrained *in bounds* in those days. We might not go up-stairs to chamber or school-room except when we had to go, or on special permission. Walking out of the grounds was rare, and only allowed with a teacher, unless for a very short distance. White collars, white stockings and white handkerchiefs were not allowed, nor plaited hair,—nor pink and red in our fancy work. There was far more than there ought to have been, of looking on teachers as natural enemies by their position, in that they were the enforcers of so many petty restraints.

But there was a bright side to the life at Westtown even then,—very bright. We did know that the teachers, as individuals, were our friends, and had much pleasant intercourse with them. We recognized to some extent—not fully—Teacher Abby Williams' earnest religious solicitude for us, causing her often to appear before us as a woman of sad countenance. How we enjoyed the benign parental care and kind words of Joseph and Hannah Snowdon, and of many members of the committee, in their frequent visits! And we recognized among the teachers noble souls, uncramped by the petty restrictions of the place, with sympathies alive to our pleasures. Among these, as he has long since passed away, I may mention Joseph G. Harlan, honored alike by boys and girls. Once, passing through a group of chatting girls, and overhearing part of their talk before he was observed, he repeated playfully, "The boy with the green coat,—I'll look for him."

One instance of inspection of private affairs had a happy ter-

mination, through Hannah Snowdon's cheerful motherly wisdom. A Haverford student, having been at Westtown visiting some cousins and friends, a suspiciously large envelope shortly after came through the mail, addressed to one of these girls, and she was summoned to open it in the presence of matron and governess. She only found another envelope a little smaller, addressed to some one else, who was called,—and so it went on, till five in succession found nothing but an envelope directed to another girl; when Hannah Snowdon, perhaps seeing the danger of a "sell," said, "Oh, it's some of J——'s fun. Take it, girls, and have your fun over it."

The very simplicity of our lives gave zest to the wholesome pleasures of country life, and to slight variations from the usual routine. How delightful were the summer days in that fresh, pure air, and in the lovely, wide grounds, if they were also, as we habitually called them, *bounds*. We were not troubled then about grades and promotions and written examinations, but were free from care, and had plenty of time for play as well as lessons. And I think that the half-yearly reviews mostly insured a good degree of thoroughness. How we girls of thirteen exercised our womanly instinct of management and tasteful tidiness by making miniature homes under the great lilac bushes in the bounds, and our childish activity by building dams over the little stream in the South woods. How sweet were the ripe apples and pears that dropped from the few fruit trees within our limits,—rare and precious. Some of us used to sit under the Catharine pear trees and watch for the fruit to drop. The occasional wood-walks of the whole school on a half holiday, and the summer picnic to Chester Creek—what fresh delights they brought to us! and how pleasant were the promenades with chums up and down, leisurely, with locked arms, through Maple Grove, the air stirred by a continuous ripple of girlish chat.

Winter, too, had its special pleasures. There was a curious charm about evening school. There were the lectures once a week, attended by both boys and girls; and the promenading was transferred to hall and gallery.

Then the exceptional breaks in routine, how they shone! A few times a company of picked girls was invited to spend an afternoon at sewing on carpet rags or sheets,—no sewing-machines did the work in those days,—and were rewarded by a wonderful supper of chicken and crullers, to which they marched down through an envious crowd of smaller girls, calling, "Bring me a cake."

Even the bringing out of the First-day library, with the homely look of a table in mid-floor, on which the books were spread, is a choice memory; and also the privilege of rearranging desks and seats in cozy groups for the hour on Seventh-day afternoon when we sat round with our fancy-work and listened to reading. Examination week, with its grand culmination in going home, was very exhilarating to those of us who did not much vex our souls about danger of failure. The collecting-room was somewhat rearranged for those days too; and we were not obliged to do anything during school-hours except when our own time for reciting came; but just keep quiet, and listen as we liked to the other classes.

And if the disciplinary system was not very good in moral effect, there was nevertheless a very wholesome habit of order and quiet and reverence, even promotive at times of devotional feeling. The deep silences of the bed-collections were often impressive, especially when some of the Committee were present and spoke a few timely words. I remember that William Evans once repeated solemnly those parting words of Paul, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Golden memories do many of us cherish of days "*in bounds.*"

THE BOYS' SIDE.

THE request to contribute some reminiscences for the forthcoming volume on "Old Westtown," has started a train of reflection that has revived very pleasant memories of the scenes and incidents of the years of my early youth spent in that famous institution.

The desire of my parents to give me "a guarded religious education," induced them to send me to Westtown in 1851, when New York Yearly Meeting was without a boarding-school,—that at Nine Partners having been discontinued, and its successor at Union Springs not being yet in working order. In the ripe autumn time the seemingly long "Camden and Amboy" journey was made, and on the appointed day for the opening of the term I was at the place of *rendezvous* in Philadelphia, along with a large number of boys and girls who were entire strangers to me. Uriah Hunt and Sons' Book Store, Fourth Street below Arch, was a busy place that day. At the proper time there were drawn up by the sidewalk a number of "Dearborns," a style of vehicle I had never before seen. So far as I am aware, it was, and still is, entirely unknown in the State of New York. Into some of these the girls were placed, into others the boys, and the trunks into wagons that followed, and the long ride began. And here I wish to commend the wisdom of this plan of taking children who are strangers to a boarding-school. By the time that ride was ended, the inmates of each Dearborn were old acquaintances, and we entered upon our new and strange life at the school, feeling that we were not absolutely alone in that great, little world.

I believe that I learned more during that afternoon ride than in any other day of my Westtown connection. The old scholars coached the new ones in the wonderful ways and traditions of the place in a kindly manner, but with the peculiar humor of exaggeration in which

boys delight to astonish their fellows. The officers and teachers were pictured to us in vivid sketching and coloring that had their strong characteristics of truth, even if not always flattering to the original. And I that day, for the first time in my life, heard the localisms of "fips" and "levies," and other expressions strange and startling. It has been thirty-five years since I last saw the Street Road, and the broad lane leading up to the School, but I can see them very plainly to-day, and the great rectangular brick buildings, with an air of respectable durability, and the neat nursery building (a hospital), and the walks through the East grounds, and the shed with the names of old students carved with various degrees of skill upon convenient pieces of boards, and nailed securely in selected places. And I can see the individual trees in the adjoining woods (are they so large now as they were then?), and the stable below the lawn fence, against whose wall we played the peculiar ball game of "sockey," and the open space on the north side of the road-way where we took vigorous exercise at foot-ball, and the well-designed but poorly-kept boys' gardens beside the wood.

Within the building are indelible pictures of the collection-room, with Davis Reece, "the Governor," sitting at his desk at the south end; and the great dormitory beneath the roof, in which we enjoyed such sound slumbers, and in which wars of pillows often raged after the lights were out, and Davis had descended to his loved No. 13; and the long passage-way lined on either side by cupboards; and the long-tabled dining-room, equipped with pewter plates at dinner, and pewter porringers at supper. (I would take great pleasure in thanking some official or committee man for one of those same porringers. From them I derived a good portion of my physical development.)

The one distinguishing feature of the Westtown *ménu* was pie. It is evidently a mistake to call pie a New England institution. Where-

ever it may have been born, its home was at Westtown, and it reached its highest estate and became a fetich there. Dried apples and dried peaches were chiefly used in their manufacture, but the material was quite secondary to the more important ingredient of skill, which so entered into their composition as to make the most simple preparation palatable and wholesome, and "a joy forever" to every old Westtowner. To the epicure the mixture of broken pie and milk in a pewter porringer would be "a mess," and to-day such a supper would be the prolific parent of nightmares and headaches; but then it was attractive to the eye, delightsome to the palate, and fitted the stomach of youth for sweetest repose. Some boys were so fond of these pies that they were not satisfied with the unlimited quantity served at table, but occasionally tried to smuggle pieces under their jackets—but not far enough under—for use between meals. The official at the head of the stairs had a quick eye for the detection of abnormal abdominal development, and arrested the smugglers like a customs detective.

Another institution peculiar to Westtown boys was the "running for nut-trees." Scattered about the magnificent farm were numbers of walnut and shell-bark trees, whose nuts the boys were allowed to gather. At the proper time, Master Davis announced that on the succeeding Seventh-day "privilege," the nuts could be harvested. Clubs were formed for the work, including both small and large boys. After dinner all were collected at their desks and allowed to depart one by one, beginning with the smallest and ending with the largest boys. As soon as a boy was past the door, he could run as fast as his legs would carry him for the most desired nut-tree upon the farm, and its crop of nuts belonged to the boy who first reached it; thus the small boys had the advantage of the start. The good runners among them who had endurance were at a premium in the formation of the clubs, and many were the traditions of wonderful races for the coveted prizes. The

small boy having secured the tree, his larger and stronger partners did the work of shaking the nuts, carrying them home in sacks, and removing their "crouts." Then came into requisition another peculiar institution,—the "hoards" in the woods,—boxes sunk into the ground and carefully hidden, where the dried nuts, apples, etc., were stored.

Of the girls' means of enjoyment I know nothing. So far as I saw they never did anything but walk into meeting, two by two, sit there, and walk out again. I never had a sister or a cousin on "the other side" whom I could meet weekly or fortnightly in the reception-room, and hear tell of their games and pleasures. But I made the most of my opportunities, as the girls were revealed at meeting-time, and, according to the established custom, I selected my "best girl" without ever speaking a word with her, or having had any introduction. As was quite proper, I made my preference known to her by sending "a list" of the names and numbers of the boys. Oh, the care and labor bestowed upon writing that list! How many errors or unfortunate blots necessitated its recopying upon the best note-paper I could obtain! At length, all too poor, it was entrusted to some personal friend whose confidence I could rely upon, who was to meet his sister and give it to her for clandestine delivery. Trying was the suspense of the week's or fortnight's necessary waiting. Would it be returned? or would my advances be favorably received, and a girls' list in due time sent to me? Older boys, at other places than Westtown, have known what such waiting is. At last the girls' list came to me, with a mark opposite the sender's name. My suit was accepted, and my happiness was, for the time, complete, for "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." But how strange life is! So far as I know, I have not seen that chosen one for thirty-five years. Her grandchildren are not my grandchildren, but I trust all these years have been as full of happiness for her as they have been for me.

Only a few individuals connected with the School *now* stand prominent in my memory. First of all is Davis Reece, the Governor, who had charge of the boys at all times when not engaged in the class-rooms. A stern disciplinarian, he was a man of great natural ability, with wonderfully keen perceptions and consummate tact, and who was at all times a gentleman. He could read a boy's thoughts and character at a glance. It was useless to attempt to deceive him. Here is a conundrum of the time,—"Why is Davis Reece a greater man than George Washington was?" "Because George Washington could n't tell a lie, but Davis can tell one whenever he hears it." It was worth a great deal to a boy to live under the eye of such a true and dignified character, always commanding respect.

Among the teachers of my time, Samuel Alsop, Sr., and Joseph Harlan, both teachers of mathematics, stand conspicuous. They had a genius for their specialty, and would have been prominent men in any company. The mention of their names brings me to a proper place for referring to a great defect in the Westtown courses of study at that time. This was the undue prominence given to mathematics. In this department boys were carried to what would equal the end of the Junior year in most colleges, who were not fitted in the Classics and in some English branches to enter the Freshman class.

But what school or college is beyond criticism? As individuals, who of us can cast the first stone?

I will not speak of the semi-monastic life of Westtown as an evil. It had its good side, as monasticism everywhere has had; and in the exclusion from the world and the rigorous restraint of such experience, I, and hundreds of other Westtown boys, have received great benefit. It had its educational effect as well as its influence upon character, and I am quite sure that I have read fifteenth and sixteenth century history with better understanding than I could have done without my West-

town experience. I am told that now Westtown is fully abreast the closing years of the nineteenth century. Of what she is to day I have no personal knowledge, but I do know that she was a grand institution, and has been the means of accomplishing great good to many generations. Wherever her children are, they can, in truth, call her blessed. Rich as her fruitage in the past has been, we hope that her best days are yet before her, and that our Heavenly Father's blessing may long abide upon her, and upon the heads and hearts of her inmates.

CHAPTER II.*

WESTTOWN EXPRESSIONS AND LOCAL NAMES.

HERE at Westtown are certain names and phrases peculiar to the place, or borrowed from us when in use elsewhere. Some have originated we cannot tell how, and continue we know not why. Others can be traced to a beginning, and stand upon an explainable basis. Many of them have little or nothing to justify their existence; a historian who records them chronicles also the want of refinement which permits their use. Some such, table terms, passed into disuse at the time of the change in the dining-rooms. We have other expressions, however, which are harmless, though not always the most elegant that can be found. Others, again, apply to peculiar customs, and can die out only as the customs themselves vanish. We must have the expressions for purposes of conversation.

One of our most distinctive terms is that of "privilege" for half holiday. For anything known to the contrary, the origin of the term is contemporary with that of the special institution to which it applies, dating back to about the year 1836; though a release from school on account of weather in summer, or to give better opportunity for skating in winter, sometimes occurred before the year 1836. As time progressed, "privileges" grew more frequent, and some were termed "nutting privileges," occasions for gathering nuts, or "language privileges," rewards for using proper language. "Language companies" were associations first formed among the boys about the year

* Taken from the Historical Committee's Records.—3d mo., 1884.

1840, and in later years existing, for a brief space, among the girls. In these, the whole "language company," of, perhaps, four to six members, was held responsible for violations of any of its members, and kept in school during a "language privilege." The term "company," without any qualifications, was used to designate an association for social purposes. These "companies" existed among the girls, with various modifications and, perhaps, intermissions, from a year or two after the foundation of the School, until the winter of 1874 and 1875. They were, at least in later days, a striking feature in the Westtown life of any girls who were students here during their existence; but some of us have no regrets that they are now buried with the past.

Of more recent origin, and more transitory nature, were the frolics called "jubilees," which occurred; on the girls' side of the house, once a winter for two or three years. Eating and games formed the principal features, and they were, in a way not necessary to explain here, connected with a Sewing Society, now extinct or suspended. The company met on Seventh-day evenings, in the girls' parlor, or in the dining-room.

We have our "box-night,"—Sixth-day night, when boxes of eatables, etc., arrived from Philadelphia. This term will probably disappear as the real or fancied necessity for extra food ceases, table fare improving, and fruit being supplied on the spot.

We no longer speak of "pie-nights,"—Third-, Fifth- and Seventh-day evenings, when the School rejoiced in pie for supper. That custom deceased ten years ago. Why a spoon was formerly called a "plug," and rusk "Ginny wedding-cake," I shall not undertake to say.

Boys speak of an "out" in a sled or the washroom as meaning a share or a place. "Track! track! track!" a sledding hill cry, though perhaps not confined to Westtown, is yet characteristic of the place,

and was more so before organized effort made such a warning less necessary.

Inquiry as to the whereabouts of an absent girl brings the answer that she is "in the parlor," but the boy has "got relations." The latter certainly is not euphonious, but the former is open to the objection of want of clearness, inasmuch as the "girls' parlor" is liable to be confused with the reception-room. The whole expression is exceedingly figurative, since, if the pupil is at the Farm House, or on the skating-pond with relatives, she is still "in the parlor."

"I haven't had any 'conduct' all session," says a satisfied individual; by which is meant no marks for conduct on the register worse than No. 1. "Well, I was 'dipped,'" responds a dissatisfied boy, "so I cannot go skating on Seventh-day." "Dip" seems to mean to detain for a misdemeanor, to restrain within limits. A boy who is "dipped" stays inside "the yard" (another term of special meaning) for a certain period. The term "dip" is most frequently employed when the boy has been out of bounds, or used the plural language improperly. In the case of inanimate things, they are "dipped" when kept by a teacher for a length of time, limited or unlimited according to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the object,—a foot-ball *with*, and a "slap-jack" *without*, any provision in regard to time. The term is ancient. Benjamin Leedom, who was a pupil here about 1817, makes use of it in describing his youthful pranks; he says it means "being caught by a teacher" in an act of disobedience, which is not quite the modern signification. But its origin appears to date further back than that; for I find in notes taken of the oral account of an old Friend, now deceased, but a pupil here in 1806, that the boys of that period also were "dipped" for some violation of a chamber regulation.

"On his seat" is a phrase used at Westtown with a special mean-

ing. If, on some pleasant Seventh-day afternoon, when there is much to take an active boy out of doors, and little to keep him in the house, we nevertheless find such a one sitting quietly at his desk in the collecting-room, we may know he is "returned,"—in other words, keeping his seat for a misdemeanor. It is possible he may also have been talked to, mildly or severely, about his conduct,—which talk constitutes a "sprigging;" possibly so called because it has taken the place of the birch or hickory-switch, used so frequently in early days.

"Spinning" was a term denoting a punishment of bygone times. "It was performed," says one, in an account written last winter by a member of the Historical Committee, "it was performed by adroitly seizing the back of an offender's head with the hand, and sending him whirling over the floor."

"Shike" prevails without any very good reason. As a verb, it means to shirk a duty, or to obtain a privilege by false pretenses. A boy "shikes" a collection, or "shikes" into the nursery when not indisposed. "Shike," a noun, is also used to denote a grievance of any sort. If the boys think they are unjustly deprived of a privilege, they characterize the proceeding as a "shike."

The season draws near when we must "write off," and whether we shall "get out," and be "put up," is an agitating question. The term "writing off" began to be used perhaps twenty years ago or more. At that time only those intending to graduate took the written examinations, and as the pupils passed these, those subjects were off their lists and off their minds, and they were "*written off*." It is probable that other students "get out" and are "put up" when they attain a certain grade; but at one other school, at least, of which we know, they "get through."

At some educational places the various sections or divisions for recitations are called "hours" or "periods;" as the "first hour in the

morning," albeit it may be but forty-five minutes long, or the second "period;" but at Westtown the boys have their "intervals," and the girls their "divisions," or sometimes "intervals" also.

In the writer's first recollection of Westtown, "to be in '26'" had a meaning other than the present. In those days we had the three departments, "26," "27," and the Primary, and a girl "in 26" had her place in the first school. "Who is head of 26?" or "head of the school?" was not an infrequent question, advancement being shown by our seats in the school-room, and she who sat at the head of the "First Row" had the post of honor.

The term "care" is probably used here differently from any other place. The governor or governess has "first care," *i. e.*, more especial charge of the boys and girls out of school hours. "Second care" devolves upon the person assisting, having little else to do, in that capacity, than to take collections when the before-mentioned officers are called by duties or pleasures elsewhere; but in former times "table care" was added. At one period "third care" and "fourth care" were common terms.

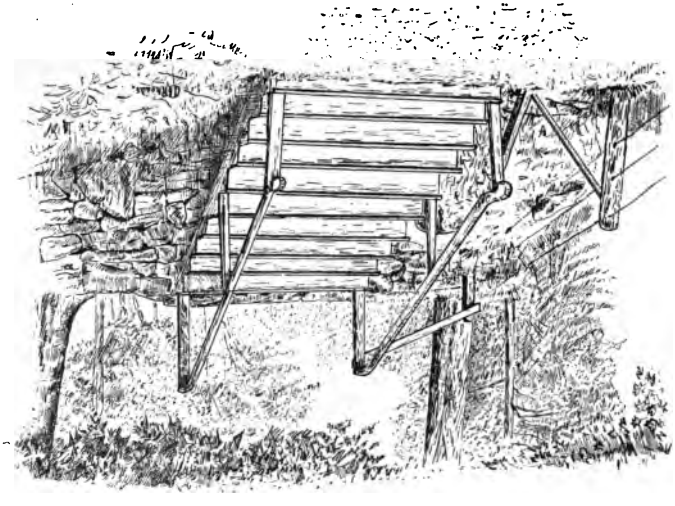
"North side" and "south side" are brief terms to indicate position of pupils in the boys' collecting-room,—the fact of the "side" determining various questions regarding foot-ball, ability to take long walks, etc. "Back of the aisle" and "front of the aisle," are girls' expressions denoting a similar division between larger and smaller pupils.

Thirty years ago, Westtown girls spoke of "the drawer." This receptacle was kept in the writing-room, and contained a collection, chiefly notions, but including also, at one time, combs and soap. The tidy-cotton, ribbon, etc., supplied to the girls from this "drawer" were charged on their bills.

Of names of places we have the following in the house,—"North Door," the entrance on the north side where carriages drive up; "South Door," the front door on the opposite side; "Bell-House," the building projecting northward from the central part of the main building, so called because upon its top the bell was once suspended; "Bell-Room," a room in the "Bell-House;" "Annex," a small dining-room to the east of the north side of the main dining-room, and communicating with it — used for the purpose referred to during the winter of 1883 and 1884, when the School attained unwonted proportions; and "Sancte Caverna," a name once applied to what is now "No. 33," a small room at the east end of the main hall, second floor.

In the girls' bounds are "Visitors' Path," running from the west end of "The Bricks" in front of the house to the wooden steps leading to the Farm House; "Cape Lookout," the wooden steps at the lower end of the "Visitors' Path;" "The Plank," as the walk between "Cape Lookout" and the Farm House used to be called, even after the planks had vanished; the "Broad Path," the path leading west from the steps of the girls' porch; the "Slats," a board walk in the "Broad Path" and around the circle; "Cape Fear," the stone steps at the west end of the "Broad Path;" "Lover's Leap," the highest part of the stone wall, north of "Cape Fear," "South Woods;" "Feather-bed Walk," a stony walk on the southern slope of the bounds, above "South Woods;" and "Maple Grove," a fine group of maple trees between "Feather-bed Walk" and the west end of "The Bricks."

In the boys' bounds are the "Lane," the avenue leading eastward from the school building to the public road; the "Bricks," a brick walk running parallel to the "Lane," or rather on the south side of it, more than half of its length; and the "Yard," the space enclosed by the "Bricks" on the south, the main building on the west, the boys' play-



shed and new building on the north, and by an imaginary line drawn from the east end of latter building to the bricks, about where the horse-block stands. The "Big Ball Alley" was formerly a smooth place for ball-playing at the east end of the stone barn, which once stood on the site of the present greenhouse. The "Little Ball Alley" was at the east end of the boys' shed. A "Ball Alley" was afterward made in the boys' wood. More remote from the school is the system of paths, often called "Paths," but properly known as the "Labyrinth." The "Labyrinth" formerly included only three or four walks through the woods south of the skating and swimming ponds; but previous to the time of the first organization of the "Path Committee," the one nearly straight walk leading northward to the skating pond, and now called "Central Avenue," was then, without very good reason, known on the girls' side of the house as the "Labyrinth." "Walnut Hill" is an ancient name and well-known locality. "Chester Creek" was a term given by the girls, some half-a-dozen years ago, to a particular spot on the banks of the stream. This spot was on the north side of the farm, where a large rock, sometimes called "Elephant Rock," stands boldly in the middle of the creek; the grounds were here thickly covered with woods, and formed good grounds for picnic for the girls, before "their sober wishes learned to stray" to more distant parts for this summer relaxation. "The Old Dam" is on Chester Creek near the public road — much less extensive than formerly. The "Beech Tree" was near the "Old Dam," a bathing locality. "Fern Bank" is a pretty spot outside of the limits of the farm, but frequented by the girls. It is on the right bank of Chester Creek, a few rods southwest of the "Old Dam." "The Square" is the area comprised in a line from the School, via "Cape Lookout" and the "Farm House," southward to the Street Road, thence eastward to the public school-house, called "Corner College," northward to the end of the "Lane,"

and so home. This is a walk often taken, especially on First-day evenings. The "Large Square," which is, correctly speaking, a parallelogram rather than a square, runs eastward from the above-named "Corner College," a distance of nearly a mile, to what is not unfrequently termed the "Corner Store"—the Chester Road forming its eastern boundary, and the road, which is a continuation of the "Lane," its northern limit.

P. S.—"Box-nights" no longer exist, being discontinued at the close of the winter term of 1883 and 1884, boxes being sent by express at any time through the week after the above-mentioned time.

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF BOUNDS.

IN approaching this topic the writer fears that he is getting on dangerous ground. He was brought up with a real respect for rules both at home and school, and he never quite lost it; and, looking back now from the vantage ground of somewhat maturer years, he would be far from encouraging the spirit of lawlessness. Still, he did enjoy going out of bounds, and so did many of his friends, and most of them still look back with pleasure to their escapades of this kind. So how can he ignore these things when asked to contribute reminiscences of Old Westtown?

Doubtless many readers have been puzzled by cases where wrong actions seemed to have produced good results. A few years since my orthodoxy was somewhat shocked when told by an intelligent and successful man that he credited his out-of-bounds experiences with giving him a valuable training that he would otherwise have missed, and that he intended to send his boys to Westtown so that they might get the same. He argued that well-bred city boys were at great disadvantage as compared with the street Arabs, in not having their wits sharpened by rubbing against the world. This sharpening had, in his case, been supplied by dodging the governor and teachers when out of bounds.

Such sentiments, of course, sound unfamiliar to many ears, and perhaps had best remain unfamiliar; but other old Westtown boys may see a grain or two of truth mixed in with the dangerous doctrine.

How distinctly I remember the temptation that assailed me one summer's day during my first session, on finding myself in company with a few other more hardened sinners at the swimming pond! We were there on some legitimate errand, but just what it was I cannot remember; however, it was not to go swimming. The hour was near mid-day, and the thermometer stood high. Suddenly some one suggested a swim. How enticing the suggestion! It was a pretty big temptation for a small boy of twelve. My good mother had charged me that it was wrong to go out of bounds, and my father, who doubtless knew something of the strength of the temptation, had reinforced the charge. These admonitions were not out of mind, and for a moment they helped me to hesitate, but the temptation, capped perhaps with a "banter" from the other fellows, swept over me again, and carried away at once my scruples and my clothes, and we snatched a brief swim, doubly enjoyed from the sense of risk that spiced it. After that, scruples about bounds rarely troubled me, nor can I even now find much condemnation in my conscience for the multitude of offenses afterward committed. But I did not always escape scot free; and, strange to say, the escapade that is recalled with greatest zest was the one that led to the most disastrous consequences. It was early one summer session. The weather was beginning to seem oppressive, and the aquatic instinct of the boys made them wish for the water before their prudent care-takers approved of swimming. The long, warm evenings, those delightful, idle hours, offered a tempting opportunity to steal away and take a dip in the Old Dam. Three of us concocted such a scheme, and the next evening was fixed on to carry it out. The time arrived; it was hot and clear, and

everything seemed most auspicious. We sauntered to the far corner of the base-ball ground, and, bracing ourselves for the risky undertaking, we slipped through the fence and sneaked along the rear of the truck-patch to the adjacent woods. Through this we threaded our way without much fear, till we reached the open at the upper end of the skating-pond. Here was the most dangerous part of our trip. It was still daylight, and we must cross the meadow and ascend the steep slope of Walnut Hill with no better cover than a worm fence. After peering cautiously down the race-bank, and along the path across the breast of the skating-pond, and spying no teachers or other suspicious personages, we emerged from the shadow of the wood, and made for the worm fence that zigzagged its way directly up the hillside to the corner of the noble forest that then crowned the broad summit.

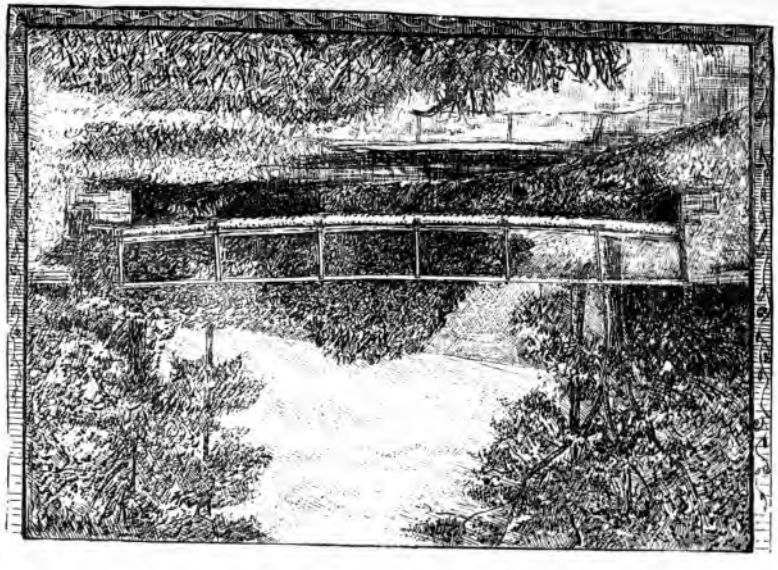
I can but smile when I think how exactly adapted to excite suspicion our movements must have been. We hurried across the meadow, and sneaked up the hill in a way that would certainly have betrayed us to a spectator half a mile distant. However, we got safe within the woods again, and thought the most hazardous part of the expedition past. With rapid walking we soon came to the opposite side of the wood, overlooking the Old Dam; and a run down the hill and through the brambles and alders brought us to a secluded spot on the bank of the stream. By this time the twilight was deepening, and that fact, coupled with the loneliness of the spot perhaps, made us the more in haste to accomplish our swim and get home. The bath was not of the choicest. The bottom was more mud than sand. But we floundered and plunged and splashed, till we were ready to seek again the warmth of our clothes. We found it not easy to land with feet clean enough to make dressing convenient; but we made the best of it, and dressed rapidly, for it was getting dark. When half done, suddenly a sound in alarming proximity startled us. But our fright

was only momentary, for a second's thought told us that it was merely the voice of an enormous bull-frog under the bank beside us. It lent a forcible illustration of how "the wicked flee;" or, in its physiological aspect, of the exhausting effect upon the nerves of unusual excitement. Having dressed, we retraced our steps in the gathering darkness with little seeming risk of being caught, and we regained the "bounds" in good time for bed collection.

We had just crossed the line, exulting in the safe accomplishment of our plans, when we were met by a crowd of the fellows, who shouted to us that we were caught. We naturally supposed they were trying to "stuff" us, but they explained the situation, and then our hearts sank, and we prepared our minds to meet our fate.

Our fix was this: One of the party had a kind aunt in the female Faculty. While we were gone she requested to see him. The governor sent for him, but he was not to be found. A crony of his, who knew where we were, offered to hunt for him, and kept up the search and allayed the governor's suspicions as long as he could, to allow us time to get back. But it was of no use; our absence was too long, the case too suspicious. The collection bell was rung, and the boys gathered, many no doubt wondering what the extra collection was for. All were accounted for except us three. Next morning, before breakfast, we were summoned to No. 13. The governor was there to receive us. The interview was not altogether uninteresting; but we finally withdrew, feeling glad it was over, and entered on our week of confinement in "the yard."

Perhaps no other hill in Chester County has so many pleasant memories clustered about it as Walnut Hill. Possibly the present Westtown boy may not appreciate this, for the Walnut Hill of to-day is not the same spot that sheltered us with its shady woods before the dollar sentiment laid them low. But to me Walnut Hill will always



rise up clothed in its forest fastnesses that afforded such splendid covert in playing "hunt the hare," and where we could build our huts and make our fires free from molestation either by the teachers or by uncongenial schoolfellows.

May the rugged soil shoot up other trees of goodly growth before my boy is big enough to go to modernized Westtown. For even though one grant that the love of the woods, as well as the more cruel taste for hunting and fishing, is merely a relic of the instinct developed when man depended on the chase, still woodcraft is for boys, and bigger boys, a most healthful recreation.

Oh! those delectable Seventh-day afternoons. How irksomely the morning had dragged through its weary length. I wonder if the boys still get out of school early when the week's lessons have been well said. We did; and when we were thus lucky, we hardly knew what to do with ourselves, and if we were not thus lucky we ruefully wished we had been. When noon came our release seemed drawing near, and dinner was eaten with even bigger appetite than usual. But after that our washed clothes were still to be distributed and put away before we were dismissed to range over the farm.

This afternoon we were going to our hut:—"Hillside Ranch" it was called by the select few who knew it. By the time for our release our few preparations were made. We had some matches in our pockets, and our hatchets, suspended by their handles, stuck down through the buckle straps at the rear of our trousers. My hatchet was a formidable weapon, on the handle of which, during some lazy leisure, had been engraved with a jack-knife the legend "Thereon hangs a tale," the quotation, notwithstanding its inaccuracy, serving to recall some harmlessly lawless undertaking in which the tool had played a helpful part.

Hillside Ranch was on an unfrequented part of Walnut Hill,

beyond the summit pasture ranged over by the fattening beeves. As soon as we were free our trio made for the ranch in advance of the crowd, taking a short cut at first, but finally approaching our *rendezvous* by a somewhat circuitous course through the woods, so as not to be easily followed by intruders.

The place was in the midst of a thicket. Its chief feature was a wigwam, which was surrounded by a diminutive clearing made in getting saplings for building material. The building of such huts was forbidden by the unwritten law of the school, because, I suppose, it was feared they would become dens of vice where the boys would read novels and play Jews' harps. The building of fires was also proscribed, doubtless on account of the physical dangers attending it. But the most serious accident that I ever saw about our camp fires was when a roasting egg exploded with sad detriment to the trousers of a boy who sat warming himself with his legs straddled on each side of the fire. Morally considered, it was, perhaps, a just judgment on us who had gone out of bounds for the eggs. But do not suppose we had stolen them, for they were purchased. As I recollect, however, the chief sufferer from the accident was not one of the party who broke bounds.

But to return to the Ranch. The wigwam was of simple construction, a ridge pole against which leaned the saplings and thick boughs that formed the sloping sides and end. The front end was partly closed by a large tree, but at least half of it was open door-way. A less habitable house is hard to imagine. It was dark and damp, and so low one could not stand erect inside. The planning and building of it had afforded us much pleasure, and the sense of possession when it was done was pleasant too, but the use of it was the least pleasant part. To be sure, we enjoyed the music of the mouth organ as we squatted on the damp floor, and the welcoming of our friends who chanced that way; and we had a good deal of fun over the rabbit that

we had trapped, and attempted to broil on a spit in the smoke, though this fun did not come within the category of the pleasures of the palate.

But if our Ranch was less valued in the possession than in the getting, it was not possessed long enough to become a bore. Before our interest in it dissipated, our wigwam was no more. One day we visited the spot, and found nothing but a heap of ashes. There was no way of accounting for the fire, except on the theory of incendiarism; but who the incendiary was we never learned: possibly some jocose school-fellow. If so, I venture we suffered fewer pangs from his act than he did, for I think we had no very mean and hardened fellows in the school. Certain it is that we soon recovered from our loss.

But as I recall this boyish experience, a feeling of sadness comes over me for a very different loss. There were four of us joint proprietors in Hillside Ranch. As I look back and contemplate the differences that existed in our characters and home surroundings, it seems hardly to be expected that we should not have drifted away from each other, as school friends so often do. I have thus drifted away from other old chums. But before we four could drift far apart, one after another my three companions were called away from life. One after another I helped with sad heart to bear them to the grave. The last to go had hardly passed the threshold of his manhood; he had borne few of its burdens, and tasted fewer of its joys. So to me it is pleasant still to think of them as boys, and I specially enjoy, with the sad pleasure that such memories give, recalling the one interest that more than any other brought us all together,—our Hillside Ranch.

WE may now shift the point of view to the "other side," and hear what an old Westtown girl can say on this topic.

PERHAPS it is not a new thought to those connected with Westtown that its nomenclature, where it differs from that of other schools, is remarkably expressive.

Take the word "privilege," for instance, as used there. How much more it expresses than "half holiday," or "morning out of school." How the memory of long tramps over the Chester County hills, of coasting, skating, swimming, and kindred joys, that made a real "privilege" of those hours, comes back with the mention of the old name.

And where is the significance of "campus," or "quad," or "green," when compared with "the bounds?" To be "out of bounds," the very phrase conveys a sense of utter freedom, and it is of this freedom (sadly abused sometimes) that we wish to speak.

One could be "out of bounds" within doors, as a new Westonian soon found out. It made a vast difference on which side of "the double doors" a boy or girl happened to be when one of the teachers passed by; the parlor was sacred to the visits of relatives, or the "meeting" of cousins, and into the precincts of "the family parlor" there were many students who never entered during their whole time at the School. The girls went no higher than their own bed-room floor, except when acting as guides for parties of visitors, and there were various parts of the basement regions which were never seen but by special permission.

Best remembered among these, perhaps, is the "north cellar," or "apple cellar." To reach this, one passed the north door, where there was always a chance of seeing the stage or a carriage arrival, or

perhaps a box set down just inside, waiting the eager opening of its owner. Then one never knew what other seekers after apples or chestnuts might be encountered in the cellar, and altogether the expeditions were quite popular. That it was a dangerous delight when undertaken without permission, needs no proof; but the amusing story told by a writer on the Westtown of earlier days, may be appropriately set down here.

Two girls were foraging for apples in the lower cellar, when they heard the approach of a teacher who was upon their track. The cellar was very dark, and had but one mode of egress, and that was blocked by the teacher. Speedily resolving to conceal themselves, and discovering two large casks in their immediate neighborhood, they sprang into them, and cowered down to cover their heads, when Phœbe's head slowly rose above the edge, and in an audible yet mirthful whisper, exclaimed, "Moll! Moll! don't laugh! I'm in the soft soap!" A violent explosion of laughter ensued from both, which led to their discovery, and the ill-fated Phœbe was drawn from her slimy bed, very unlike the fabled goddess of beauty, a

"Venus rising out of the sea."

The outdoor "bounds" at Westtown have varied somewhat in their limits, but not materially. In our day "all over the farm," with the exception of certain specified regions, was the usual rule for boys on "privilege;" and some of the stronger and more adventurous girls talked complainingly of the difference made between the two "sides," and did not see why they "should be expected to stay in the house and do fancy work, or just walk around the slats." Some one has remarked that "what women need is not to talk about their rights, but take them," and these young women found that when they asked in a proper way, and their previous conduct had been such as to

warrant it, there was no objection to their having the same liberty as the boys.

Ah, what good times they had! Sometimes striking across country to the banks of Chester Creek, bravely scaling the "worm-fences" in their path, despite their hampering skirts; then, each with a long pole in hand, jumping from stone to stone along the bed of the stream, "daring" one another to difficult leaps, and finally, having reached Elephant Rock, sitting down, warm and breathless, to enjoy the lunch which one of the party would produce from a bag slung across her shoulder. Better still it was to set off on a crisp winter morning, with the air so clear that every tree on the surrounding hill-tops was etched against the pale blue sky down to its smallest twig, and the snow crackling under foot. Each girl drew after her a small sled on which to coast down every available hill. Perhaps some observant care-takers noticed how rosy and bright the faces of these ramblers were, and with what vigor they attacked the meal that followed their tramp, for certainly the fashion spread, and the girls had larger liberty, and made more use of it.

How the walks out of bounds with our teachers come back to memory, too!—especially those on First-day afternoons, when, after meeting, "All those girls who would like to go 'round the square with Teacher A—," donned coats and nubias, and set off, marching down "The Bricks," two by two, in solid ranks.

Sometimes a smaller party would be favored with a special invitation when some errand took an officer "over to the station," to "Cheyney's" or elsewhere. One such trip came near having a disastrous ending, when, on the way home, a member of the party proposed going across the meadow and the foot-log over Chester Creek. It was before the hand-rail had been placed there, or perhaps it was down temporarily; at any rate there was nothing to hold by, and the

log had an unpleasant habit of swaying when one was in the middle of it. The first maiden was well over, the others following, when there was a despairing cry from the teacher, and down she sat, or rather dropped, her feet hanging over the swift stream. "Oh, girls! I cannot go any further! I am so dizzy!" Encouragement, advice, even laughter, were all in vain, and there they sat, a disconsolate trio; a girl on each side, the teacher between. Several times she tried to conquer her dizziness and proceed, when suddenly rang out on the air a familiar sound. "The first bell," murmured one girl. "And my turn to be in collection" (the governess was away at the time), responded the teacher. She closed her eyes and extended her hands to them. "Here, girls, help me up;" and so it was done, and, once over, they made good speed to the School.

Many memories will be called up by the mere names of the Old Dam, Walnut Hill, "Mungo Park" (who is responsible for that travesty upon the name of the African explorer?), and others that we could name.

It was on the wooded slopes of Walnut Hill that the boys delighted to construct their wigwams and go back to that remnant of the savage nature which is said to lie dormant in us all.

Of earlier date than wigwams are the "apple hoards," which have been thus described: "First a round sod of about one foot in diameter was taken from the soil, and the earth removed as far as the arms could reach, and carefully carried away, leaving no trail behind. These 'hoards' were of capacity to contain several bushels of apples. The bottom was carefully filled with the driest leaves to be obtained, and the sides packed with the same, as the fruit was deposited therein, and the opening covered with a large flat stone; over all leaves were strewn as naturally as possible, to have the appearance of having been deposited there as they fell from the trees above; these were carefully

prepared prior to the apple-gathering time, and generally filled before we had permission to enter the orchard. And I have known apples taken from them in the spring as fair and sound as when first deposited. Each boy knew his own, and no one ever thought of infringing upon the rights of his neighbor, but each one united in the endeavor to conceal them from the teacher's eye, and woe to the vagrant swine that entered on the premises; he was sure to have the whole pack at his heels."

The descriptions given by this same writer of the carousals in "the old stone barn," the stolen eggs, and secretly-purchased cigars, force upon us the conclusion that the standard of morality among Westtown boys has grown higher since his days there. The connection between the methods of punishment and the causes therefor, may be worth tracing out more carefully in another place.

Perhaps one of the most notorious pieces of mischief done out of bounds was the burning of the old "Indian tree." The writer well remembers hearing from an uncle, who was present, some of the details of this event. It was a great hollow trunk, and tradition says that Indians had held their councils about a fire built in the open space. Some boys originated the idea of trying this again, and my uncle happened to come by when the fire was started and roaring away merrily. He stopped to see what was going on. Presently some one heard a crackling, and it was discovered that a flying spark had lodged above the boys' heads, and the top of the tree was on fire. A vivid remembrance remained of the vigorous but vain efforts to put out the flames, and a still more vivid memory of the punishment that followed, when the teacher declined to see any difference between the boys who built the fire and the boy who looked on.

Of the excursions "out of bounds" in our day, in which none of the authorities took part, and of which they did not even know, unless

against the will of the wanderers, perhaps it is as well not to say much. Sometimes they had a ludicrous ending, when two parties were frightened the one by the other; and there is a tradition of two small boys being caught after dark in the girls' bounds, walked down "The Bricks," and brought triumphantly into their own domain by two larger boys, personating the governor and a man teacher.

In summer the apple orchard across the road from the girls' bounds offered great temptation to a leap from "Cape Fear," and a run after

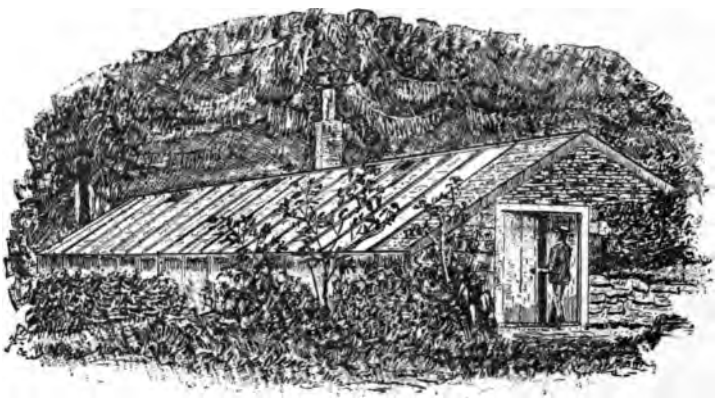
THE CARPENTER SHOP.

some of its fruit. When there was no especial object like this, the simple rebellion against "bounds" of any kind that would attack restless young bodies must be held accountable for these excursions.

Many a girl will recall the long dark passage-way under the gallery, which was a thoroughfare from kitchen to laundry, and how it was a favorite amusement with some girls to "dare" one another to a run through it just before "bed-collection." There were various possibili-

ties of adventure in this trip, not the least being the meeting with a group of the vagabond cats (the very lowest dregs of the feline race) that haunted its gloomy precincts, lurking behind ash-barrels and scrap-buckets.

There were several places, just out of bounds, which were often visited by the scholars, and first on that list we would place the carpenter shop, which stood, fronting the road, just below the laundry.



THE GREENHOUSE.

It was a small building, and the contents seemed to have overflowed, and been grouped about the doorway. Many were the trips the girls made, especially near the opening of a session, when cupboard shelves were wanting, or the locks refractory. And the picture we give our readers of the carpenter shop will call up many a pleasant memory of it and its presiding genius.

The laundry itself was an entertaining place, with its drying-frames that slid mysteriously into the wall, its centrifugal wringer, and the

cheerful faces of its colored work-people. Who does not remember "Letha," that once beheld her figure?

The shoemaker shop, where repairs to boots and shoes were made, and missing skate-straps supplied, was another resort, and errands there caused many a walk up and down "The Bricks."

To the greenhouse the girls were often taken with a teacher; sometimes they went alone, and of a wintry afternoon found the greenness and bloom therein most pleasant by contrast with the dark woods and snowy hill-sides without. Very dear to the heart of John the gardener were all of his floral pets, and to earnest requests for "only just a little bit of heliotrope," etc., he turned an unheeding ear. Silence was his usual refuge, but when some audacious girl pressed him too far, with "Oh, John! I know thee can spare something for me! What can I have?" He would retort, "Nothin'. Nothin' at all, I tell ye. Them's all goin' to be kept fer the sixty committee."

And we must not forget the Farm House, though we shall have space to allude but briefly to it, and to the joys of "having 'lations," with which it is so vividly associated. The girls might, on any day, go "down plank" to the end of the walk, but the Farm House itself was, of course, out of bounds, excepting on the happy occasions when we had visitors, and might go in and out as we would.

Surely the Friends who at different times have presided at the Farm House, need never have complained of a lack of appetite in their young boarders! The change from the routine of school fare was always welcome, and a meal taken in the sight of dear home-faces, and spiced with bits of family news, doubly toothsome.

How cosy it was to sit by the stove in the parlor, and placidly listen to the warning notes of the school-bell, with no need to obey its summons! What an interesting volume was that register on the desk in the entry, with its flourishing specimens of Westtown penmanship!

Many indeed are the happy memories clustered about that plain, square, stone building (our mothers tell us that the old Farm House, which was replaced in 1851 by the present structure, was "more picturesque"), and they cannot be overshadowed by some recollections of a great dreariness when the visit was over, and our relations gone. It were vain to deny that there were some mournful walks "up plank," and through the girls' bounds, to the School, and our round of duties; but there was often a brother, sister, or cousin to share the feeling, and there was very generally a consoling sense of the well-filled cupboard, and the merry friends who could be summoned to a feast when school was out. A flavor of home clung about those eatables, and with a mingling of sentiment and hunger, they were found to go far toward comforting one for being left behind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WESTTOWN PIE AND ITS ACCOMPANIMENTS

THE importance of food in relation to our daily life is fully demonstrated in these days, and we have books and magazine articles to tell us what and how to eat; so it may not be amiss to give some space to Westtown cookery, and the characteristic dishes, among which a prominent place must be given to the time-honored *pie*.

"Pie night! Pie night!" was joyously whispered about among the girls, as the supper-bell rang on Fifth-day evenings. Pie and milk made up the bill of fare, but there was no rule about "two pieces," and the supply of milk was also unlimited. We learn that a table "set for those who did not eat pie," and supplied with other food, was but poorly filled.

These pie nights have figured in our mothers' recollections of their Westtown days, and seem to belong with the pewter plates and large yellow mugs that circulated around the table, each one taking a sip of water as it passed. (How well one fastidious girl is remembered, who always turned the mug and put her lips to the part of the rim next the handle, where she thought no one had preceded her!) But though the pie suppers were a thing of the past, we, in our day, still rejoiced in pie at dinner; and there were especially choice varieties reserved for First-day dinners. There were the grape pies, which must have been made of some small, tart variety of the grape, preserved in molasses. The compound was rich and sweet, and full of little crackling seeds. There were the green tomato pies, of which we used to say that "they

tasted better than they looked." Best of all, there were the mince pies, and, when these graced the board, we carried on the interesting game of "counting raisins;" each girl carefully picking them out of her slice of pie, and ranging them around the plate to be counted, the girl having the longest row being considered the winner.

One old Westtown student has told how mince pie for dinner, during a winter session, was followed by a "copious draught of cider," but that was long ago, before the days of temperance reform.

Another, after giving some reminiscences of the dining-room, which we quote on another page, says, "I dare not trust myself to speak of *Westtown pie*, whose reputation is, I had almost said, world-wide. What quantities of it were eaten! and, stranger still, without the aid of pepsin or lacto-peptin, were *digested!*"

He goes on to tell *the* pie story of his day, as follows: "Because we thought so much about our food, it must have been, that a gastronomic event which occurred then has left so deep an impression on my mind. This event was no less than that the cook, with whom I was a favorite, told me, in a burst of confidence, that we were to have a chicken pie next day for dinner, and that it was to be made of *seventy chickens and a calf!* Whether this was an exaggeration or not, I cannot tell; there were in all nearly three hundred mouths to be filled, and there was enough noise in the slaughter of those innocent fowls for seven hundred. *We had the pie!* It was a red-letter day at Westtown. I never enjoyed a dinner more. Of course it was the event of the week, the theme of all our letters home. Unfortunately, in writing I transposed a word, and quite startled if not scandalized the family at home by stating that it was made of *seventy calves and a chicken!* Promptly came back the query, '*Who got the chicken?*'"

A genuine Westtown pie is considerably larger than one of the common variety, and to divide it into the requisite number of pieces

for a table is no mean accomplishment, requiring a "straight eye" and some knowledge of angles. The pies were baked in large red earthenware dishes, and a pile of these was a common feature of the bake-room.

How that room has been connected with the history of old Westtown, from the days of "Aunt Sally," who used to make a special little pie for each room-keeper, which they were allowed to eat after the other girls had gone to bed, down to the reign of "Lyman and Lucy," during which we had a personal interest in the Westtown pies!

The name of Aunt Sally recalls a story which is still related with a smile by the chief actor, though it happened years ago, when she was a gay young girl. She was noted for a propensity to laughter at times when she should have been sober, and the governess was not much surprised when one day in the collection which followed the return from meeting, she saw her fairly overcome by her risibles. The laugh was spreading, and the governess made haste to walk to her desk, and find out the cause.

"B——, what is thee laughing at?"

"Oh, teacher R——, I tripped at the top of the stairs, coming from meeting, and fell all the way down, and I think I've sprained my ankle."

"Well, why should thee laugh at that, child?"

"Why, I bumped, bumped, on every step; and" (a fresh burst of giggles) "when I came in, C—— leaned over and asked, 'What *was* that coming down stairs?' I said, 'That was me!' and she answered, 'Oh, I thought it was Aunt Sally, in her new shoes!'" (Aunt Sally wore calf-skin boots, and her step was not light.)

The same friend recalls that about this time the scholars were sometimes given a "treat, between meals, of a few figs or a handful of raisins" (which were then pronounced "reasons"). "What are we

going to have a collection now for?" she called after an older girl, one day; who carelessly replied, "Oh, for reasons." So the little girl went cheerfully to take her seat, expecting a sweet handful; only to find that the "reasons" related to discipline.

She can tell, too, of the "boiled bread night," which did not share the popularity of "pie nights," at all. The square bits of bread were said to have been gleaned in the boys' dining-room, — were, in fact, so the girls whispered, "the boys' scraps." Cheese was served with it, but that did not mend matters much, and the reports about the unsavory dish found many believers. It was long before "strikes" and "boycotting" were known, yet the girls determined on something very similar, and proved that rebellious human nature has always the same tendencies. The scheme was well discussed, and when the next "boiled bread night" came, though the girls went to the table in their usual health, they seemed quite bereft of appetite. They sat in long rows, hands demurely folded, and politely declined all offers of food. Only one of the "monitors," or some very conscientious girl, crumbled her cheese, and sipped at the hot milk, equally afraid of the teachers and of the ridicule of her mates. The rebellion passed unnoticed by the authorities, and the rebels consoled their healthy young appetites at breakfast next morning; but the "boys' scraps" never appeared in that form again.

The most successful method of using bits of stale bread, in later times, was in the form of "crumbs," which, taken in conjunction with "Fifth-day gravy," had a deserved popularity.

How the Westtown cooks ever supplied the demand for gravy must remain a secret to the uninitiated. At one time it was served in oval tin pans, holding quite a quart each, and ladled out with tin dippers; and though these have given way to white stoneware gravy-boats, the demand is still large.

"That old dining-room and its environment haunts me still," says the same old Westtown student who has told us the tale of the chicken pie; and he recalls "Aunt Betsy" Thompson, and how "she used to get us down-stairs to help pare apples for those mountains of pies, and then, when we were happily at work there, would beg us to 'repeat a piece in *consort*.'"

This plan of getting the help of the pupils was more common then than now.

Vividly remembered, too, are the joys of being waiter, and the good breakfasts which accompanied the office—fried potatoes, and such delicacies. A girl of that period remembers helping the governess shell peas for dinner, and how "many hands made light work;" and another recalls a delightful day when the girls were told to have their wash-room mugs very clean, and then sent down into "the patch" to fill them with large red raspberries for tea.

We read in the account of the early days of Westtown that about the year 1800 there was strict economy practised in the management. Speaking of the superintendent of that time, a writer says, "He possessed that desired attribute, a genius for economy, and we have been told of the coffee and chocolate sweetened with molasses to save the price of sugar; of the children's plates of unfinished food being put in the cupboard and saved for them meal after meal; of the rebukes which he administered for complaining of their living."

The days of figs and "reasons," alluded to above, were over before our time, and we can recall no "treats" furnished by the school, unless we may count the crackers which were passed around in large baskets at the close of evening school, "two apiece" being the rule.

Speaking of *crackers* recalls the account of a game which the boys used to amuse themselves with in the early Westtown days. It was called "picking crackers;" and the skilful player chose one that had

been well baked, and had a hard brown edge. "The edge of one cracker was held up for another boy to 'pick' against," says the author, "and I have known one 'bully cracker,' as it was called, to gain two or three dozen before it was forced to surrender."

They were distributed then in the early morning and evening schools, and "as the teacher approached with his basket, every boy was on the *qui vive*, and his eye ran eagerly over the contents to select one with a hard edge." It was the business of the boy who handed crackers to see that no one took more than the allowance; and his reward was the remainder in the basket when his rounds were completed.

When a study hour before breakfast in summer was the rule, the cracker lunch followed that also, and "filled an aching void" until breakfast time.

How far the regular meals of the Westtown students shall be supplemented by provisions sent them by their friends, has been long a question, with something to be said on both sides. Indiscriminate eating between meals is not the best thing for bodily welfare, we all know; but then, as many a mother has been told, "we do get so hungry at Westtown." And there is such a charm about the boxes, packed by careful fingers, and filled with the favorite home dainties! The bag of candy marked, "From Father," the walnut kernels carefully picked out by a small sister, the cookies that Jane the cook has baked for this especial purpose, and the many tokens of the mother-love that has planned the whole pleasant surprise,—shall all that be done away with?

And then the gay parties gathered about the open cupboard doors, or invited to a "spread" on the rickety wash-room table! A good box and a full cupboard gave such chances for generosity to less fortunate friends, and most boys and girls seemed thoroughly to enjoy the social importance which it conferred.

There is a tradition of a boy who used to invite his comrades to help themselves from his cake-box, but added, "Take a good many,—take *two*." And (to be quite impartial) we can supplement it by one of a girl, who remarked, in mournful tones, to the group about her cupboard, "Help yourselves to the pickles, girls,—they'll soon be gone!"

But such stories are rare; and the graduate who said, when the old building was being torn down, "Well, if I had any relic, I should want it to be the key-hole of my cupboard door," would have many to sympathize with her attachment to the memories of that cupboard.

Often, in looking back, a certain cupboard and its owner are connected with a certain article of food. Sweet memories cluster about the name of a girl from New England, in whose neat cupboard was a certain wooden box, seldom empty of maple-sugar; and the Virginian who had often told us how good the Southern persimmons were, had a chance to prove it when she received a delicious boxful, after the first "white frosts" had brought them to perfection. When we were in the forlorn condition of "old Mother Hubbard," and home friends turned deaf ears to our gentle hints, there were still resources left. On summer Seventh-day afternoons, the welcome visits of the ice-cream man were times of great enjoyment, and sometimes a watermelon wagon was to be seen in the lane. In winter, at certain times, an old man with a basket of bananas took up his stand at the end of "The Bricks," and we purchased largely, if we were well off for pocket-money. The girls who did not like bananas represented to him that oranges, pea-nuts, or candy would have better sale, but he shook his head, and generally went away with his basket much lightened.

Old scholars on the boys' side tell of egg-hunts in the "teachers' woods," when the hens that had "stolen their nests," furnished material for an impromptu feast, and of rabbits and squirrels caught in

traps and surreptitiously cooked. They had "nut-houses," too, where they stored away the treasures of the woods, and "apple hoards" for stolen fruit from the orchard. In these days there are rumors among the girls of candy-making in wash-basins that is secretly practiced on "the other side," but this may be classed among the "tales told out of school."

A word about *waiters* must surely find place among the dining-room notes.

A pupil who belonged to the era of the large common dining-room, with its "boys' end" and "girls' end," and the meals eaten in silence save for requests (more brief than polite) for bread, meat, etc., has thus spoken of the custom :—

"As the waiters were selected from the elder scholars, or those who had become familiar with the ways of the school, it fell occasionally to my lot to take the position. The boys had to pass the ends of the girls' tables on their way to the kitchen for various dishes, and any false step or irregularity in their walk would be sure to excite the risibles of the girls, though strictly forbidden even to smile at meals. Sometimes the caricature of a flying boy, with bread basket in hand, would be drawn by a female artist, to his no small discomfiture and the great amusement of his fellows.

"The bread-machine stood just within the kitchen door, consisting of a square wooden form, with the cutter at one end secured by a strong staple, the other with a wooden handle, the knife working up and down in a groove, the loaf being slid along the form to the knife, and the slice cut the required thickness. The bread was always of a uniform quality, with a rich brown crust; and, during the whole period of my five years scholarship at Westtown, I cannot recall a day on which the bread was sour (a fact too often overlooked in some families)."

In later days, when the dining-rooms were separate, the kitchen was common ground for the waiters, and a line of boys on one side, and of girls on the other side of the bread-cutter, waited the replenishing of their plates. Bread baskets were obsolete by that time, but the bread itself maintained its high standard. At the end of the kitchen, the water was drawn from the spigots, and the scholars liked to tell of the absent-minded girl, who, taking out both water-pitcher and bread-plate to be refilled, set down the pitcher by the bread-cutter and walked away to draw water on the plate!

The standard of table manners at Westtown has grown higher with the progress in other directions,—and the change was needed. The rude, impolite ways did not all go out of fashion with the yellow earthen mugs and pewter porringers! A young woman whose Westtown days are not very long past, can recall that her brother always liked to take an old coat in his trunk to wear at the table, because, as he told his mother, "the boys are apt to spill a can of gravy down your back;" and he could tell, too, how bits of food that were not relished were "chucked" under the table, or secured to its under side by a fork.

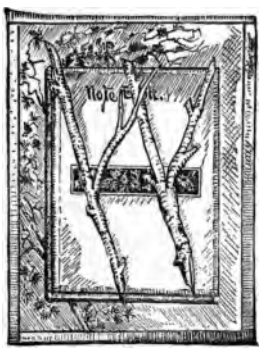
In beginning this chapter, it was fully recognized that Westtown Pie might prove a fertile subject, but we are over-running the most expansive limits, and must leave the consideration of "Pie as an Article of Commerce" for another chapter.

A dining-room incident, doubtless remembered by many Westtowners of some forty years ago, was related with much gusto by a Friend whose weight in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting would hardly be guessed by his story.

At that time, as more recently, the practice prevailed of visitors going to the dining-room to see the pupils come in to meals. Sometimes the same interest which attracts sight-seers at the "Zoo" to the seal-ponds and the lion-house at feeding-time, would tempt the visitors to overstep the bounds of politeness, and stay awhile after silence to see the juveniles feed. This time it was soup day. Perhaps the big pewter soup plates had a peculiar fascination for our visitors, for they stayed till the soup had disappeared, and the tables were being cleared, probably for pie. Now among the waiters was a youth addicted to jokes. His sense of propriety had been shocked by the protracted presence of the spectators. So he concocted a plan for getting rid of them, and gave the wink to his colleague as they rushed for the kitchen, each with his pile of pewter plates. Just in front of the guests was a slippery place in the floor, and as ill luck would have it, our wag fell sprawling, with his colleague atop of him, and their plates and the remnants of soup everywhere. Fortunately the pewter was not brittle. The visitors withdrew; and the perpetrator of the joke is believed to have escaped severe penalties, because of the slippery floor, and, possibly, also, of the embarrassing presence of strangers.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVES FROM TWO NOTE-BOOKS.



E present to our readers, beneath this heading, the recollections of two Old Westtown boys, who perchance feel themselves still boys when they turn over the leaves of memory's note-books in this fashion. And as they stand now, past the meridian of their useful lives, they recognize that in those times of which they tell us were laid the foundation stones of character and principle.

The feelings with which these backward glances are often accompanied, have been thus described by another contributor.

"It was a happy, healthful life; and I look back to it, thankful that it was my lot to be a Westtown boy. Rarely, I believe, have so many young people been educated in a social atmosphere so morally bracing and helpful."

Turning to the first of our two "note books," its author says:

My first acquaintance with the school was in 1830. One of the points strongly impressed upon my memory was the uncomfortable arrangements for the usual morning ablutions of the boys. From the end of the gallery projected a large open shed, paved, with a pump in the centre, from which we drew our supply of water. A few benches, and

the large stone steps by which we descended from the gallery to the level of the shed, furnished places on which to deposit our tin basins while washing. I well remember how numb one's fingers would become during this operation on a cold morning, and how apt the moist fingers were to freeze to the iron pump-handle.

Of course there was a wash-room, which was warmed at certain times, and in which warm water was supplied from large cast-iron pots, set in brickwork, with a furnace beneath.

The school-rooms were warmed at that time by large ten-plate wood stoves; and it was no slight job to bring up the wood necessary to keep the fires burning. This devolved upon the boys to whom was entrusted the care of the rooms, and who cheerfully performed the duty for the sake of the privileges to which they were entitled. It would have been less onerous but for the restrictions imposed upon us by the men who prepared the firewood, in the cellar under the boys' collecting-room; and who forbade us to touch the dry wood, which they had piled up for use in the girls' stoves.

The contrast between the primitive arrangements then in use, and the present luxurious conveniences, is very great. But we were not discontented, and never thought that we ought to have anything better. So, in that respect, I suppose we were as happy as those who enjoy the comforts accumulated in modern Westtown.

Although the ordinary branches of a solid elementary education were pursued then as now, yet the greatest prominence was given to the mathematical studies. We were not in the habit of merely dipping into the books and studying selected parts, but honestly went through them. Lewis' Algebra was worked out from beginning to end, the six books of Playfair's Euclid, every problem in Gummere's Surveying, and all those in his Astronomy.

When the study of Latin and Greek was introduced, in the sum-

mer of 1830, the same thoroughness was observed. After reading the introductory books, when Cæsar was taken up, all the books of his Gallic War were read, then every line of Virgil, from the beginning of his Eclogues to the end of the twelfth book of the Æneid, and in Cicero I do not know that one of the orations was omitted. This department was then under the charge of Bartram Kaighn.

The time of the pupils was probably not so much divided by a multiplicity of studies as it now is; and this permitted greater proficiency in the departments selected than would be practicable under the present arrangements.

Natural History was not then a part of the regular course of study; but many pupils of that day were initiated into some of its branches in an unofficial way through the influence of Davis Reece, the mathematical teacher, who was both a botanist and mineralogist. It came to be quite common for the boys to make collections in both of these departments. That section of country is so rich in wild flowers that one of the inmates of the school made a collection of 600 species, all growing on the Westtown farm! Some of these are now probably extinct in that locality, particularly the magnificent *Habenaria grandiflora*, which then grew in the dense thickets and swamps that filled the large bend of the mill-race, near the present swimming pond. The excursions which were occasionally made by the whole school to the serpentine ridges, and other geological formations in the vicinity, gave an opportunity for collecting mineralogical specimens of several kinds. The information thus obtained was important, and has not lost its value after the lapse of nearly sixty years.

The neighboring woods furnished homes to many squirrels of several kinds. The large gray squirrel and the active red squirrel were common; but were too cautious and swift to be much disturbed by the

boys. Flying squirrels were also abundant, and as they usually sleep by day, and the holes in the trees which they inhabit are often quite accessible, many of them were captured. The usual process was for one boy to climb the tree and put the mouth of a stocking over the hole, while the other disturbed the inmate by pounding on the trunk. On rushing out, the squirrel entered the stocking, and was made a captive. Their possession was a forbidden pleasure, and wisely so: for, independently of the risk of falling, and the injury to clothing from climbing the trees, the boys knew not how to care properly for the animals, and they seldom lived long. I remember, at one time, counting the number of flying squirrels in the possession of the boys, and finding there were more than thirty.

The pretty striped ground-squirrel was quite common in the "boys' woods," and it was sometimes obtained by pouring basin after basin full of water down one of the holes it occupied, until the poor half-drowned thing was forced to come out. But it was not a favorite plaything, and, so far as I remember, never became tamed, as the flying squirrel did if caught when half-grown.

A STORY is told (which our contributor's mention of the squirrels recalls) of one boy of that period who was in the habit of carrying his pet about in his pocket, and one day thoughtlessly took it to meeting. "The extreme quiet of the place attracted its attention, when out popped its head, and looked about so quizzically that all the boys in the immediate neighborhood began to titter. . . . The poor boy who owned the favorite, in his attempt to control it, grasped it round the neck and thrust it into the bottom of his pocket, and, when the meeting closed, he found the little creature had breathed its last, and a hearty crying spell relieved his pent-up feelings. The boys were

punished for unbecoming behavior in meeting, but the cause of their mirth was never divulged, and all sympathized in the boy's loss."

AND now we have the reminiscences of another friend, whose connection with Westtown has also been long and intimate. They were written in 1877, for the Westtown Historical Committee, and it must be remembered, when "now," "at the present time," or some similar term is used, that he refers to that year.

LOOKING back to about the year 1830, the number of students was not far different from now, probably more girls, but the course of study was limited, and the teaching not so systematically divided. About this time the study of Latin and Greek languages was introduced, and a teacher employed. Up to this time the boys' school was under the care of four teachers, viz.: teacher of mathematics, of arithmetic, reading and writing. On the girls' side the sewing-school was a regular department in the course. The introduction of a fifth teacher, and of an officer to take care of the pupils between schools, was the beginning of a series of improvements which have steadily progressed to this time. The division of the school year into two sessions afforded an opportunity for classification which was not readily attainable before. The vacations were short, according to my recollection: three weeks in the spring, and two in the fall, at first. The division of the year was preceded by some changes and additional conveniences consequent upon the building of the western wing of the school-house, by which rooms in the second story, which had been used by the girls as class-rooms, had been opened to the boys, and especially in the opening of a more commodious collecting-room for the girls, as well as a large com-

mon lecture-room for the whole school. Up to 1836, I think, blackboards were unknown; mathematical work being done chiefly on slates, and very imperfect examination being given to scholars separately. At this time the mathematical teacher held his court in a room which is now the north side of the boys' collecting-room, and which was separated by a broad entry, extending to the east door, from a similar room on the south, where the teacher of arithmetic expounded Lewis's treatise. Before Bartram Kaighn came upon the scene as teacher of the dead languages, I believe reading was taught in what is now 35, only the door to it was immediately at the head of the stairs; and writing in 31, which was just as it now is, so far as exterior limits, access, etc., are concerned. No. 30, also as it is now in size, was sometimes used as boys' nursery; and is, in fact, the only nursery for the boys which I remember up to 1833. At the time referred to, the boys' collecting-room was in the present library, made larger by the shifting of the eastern wall, leaving a very small apartment between the collecting-room and the arithmetical department, which was used on the occasion of philosophical or chemical lectures as a laboratory and apparatus room, the lecturer's table being placed in the partition, and communication with the audience gained by sliding doors. What is now No. 12 was, under some other number, occupied as boys' parlor, and, as the library is now, was presided over by a kind and motherly Friend who looked after the boys' clothing, had a care of the little boys, and especially of those whose hard lessons brought on attacks of temporary headache. A few years later, probably about 1836, and after the introduction of spring and fall vacations, the two rooms and entry at the eastern end of the house were thrown together, making one large and comfortable collecting room for the boys; No. 12 was turned into a recitation-room for the two teachers of mathematics, furnished with a

blackboard, and occupied alternately, morning and afternoon, by the first and second teachers. The old collecting-room was converted into a boys' parlor, west, and governor's room, east, much as it is now, except that the library was in the present office, and all its books comfortably accommodated in two large cases.

Having noted several changes on the boys' side, let us see how the girls were cared for. In 1830 they collected in an inconvenient room, which was the present 17 and 18 combined, separated in part by a large chimney and fire-place, and only connected by two archways; in the broader of these was placed the platform, with seats for the teachers in charge. The girls passed out of 17 down the Bell-house stairs to meals, and out of 18 door to bed and to schools. Numbers 19 and 20 were school-rooms, as were also three rooms in second story. After the erection of the western wing in 1833, a new collecting-room for the girls was provided, much as it now is, except that two small rooms were taken off the north end of it, one for the sewing-school, and one for a private room for the governess. This collecting-room, though much smaller than the present, accommodated as many girls by using small flat-topped desks with three legs, fastened to the floor for safety, and with short benches for seats. These desks are to be found about the house yet in places, and were considered very nice when new.

As it may seem almost incredible that so many boys and girls could be collected in such rooms as were used at that time for collecting-rooms, I may add that they were not provided with desks as now, but sat on long benches, which, for the boys, had a shelf underneath, on which books and slates wanted in that room could be slipped.

Some changes have also been known in the basement. The large dining-room was probably unchanged from the beginning of the school until the taking out of the fire-places last year (1876), but it was used

by both boys and girls, sitting at long tables on opposite sides of the room. Coming out the boys' entry, the first room on the south was then, as now, a store-room, and the same leathern fire-buckets hung from the joists above as they hang now. The next room, now used as furnace-room, was also a store-room, in which were kept the hogsheads of brown sugar, very brown, and the hogsheads of molasses, very dark. The difficulty of obtaining these supplies from Philadelphia at that time, there being no railroad communication, made it important to keep a large quantity on hand. Next to this, where the wash-room now is, was the wood-cellar, where, from fall to spring, Henry Anderson industriously cut and carried stove wood, supplying all the capacious stoves used in warming the middle and eastern end of the house. The south part of this cellar was taken off by a partition, and in this the watchman, Tim Seeds, had his turning-lathe, etc. But where was the boys' wash-room? Near the cold-water hydrant, under the boys' shed, is a well, now covered over, and by means of a coil of pipe in the bottom of which cold water for use in warm weather is now obtained; but in 1830 there was a pump in the well, and around it in the mornings gathered the scholars with their brushes and basins. In the winter ice was inconveniently plenty around the pump, and short and sharp were the morning ablutions. A short time before, a small apartment had been enclosed at one corner of the shed, in which was an ordinary furnace and boiler for warming water for the more extensive wash of Seventh-day evening. It may be remembered that at this time there was very slender nursery accommodation for the boys. Query: Was there any connection between this and the open-air washing and wood-stove warming? Soon after this, coal came more generally into use. Henry Anderson's department was dispensed with, the room changed to a wash-room for the boys, and 16 to their nursery.

The room now called south kitchen was the washing department of the laundry, and there Hannah Wiley reigned supreme. Then our clothes *were* washed! No aid received from the power of steam for a few years, but by the strength of *colored muscle*, ably directed by a well-skilled chief. Here let me record a passing tribute to Hannah Wiley, a Westtown synonym for honest industry. There was no shuffling nor shackling permitted in her department. Stern and inflexible in the discharge of her duties, yet when these were not upon her, kind and cheerful to an extent which made her room and company during "darning day" as much to be enjoyed as was the wash-room on "washing days" to be avoided. . . . For about half a century she filled well the position in which she was placed. . . . Soon after this, the help of steam was invoked. A steam boiler was placed in the wash-room, nearly under the two parlors, the water to be injected by a hand force-pump, placed in a cedar tub, which was filled from a common pump which stood in a corner of said wash-room. The whole was under the care of a man entirely unaccustomed to such machinery, and I believe we are deeply indebted to the merciful care of Divine Providence in that we were not blown up through the inefficiency of our engineer. We had not an engine, but only used the steam for boiling clothes and cooking our dinners. Many were the frights among the domestics occasioned by the blowing-off of the steam. Another step led to the erection of the present laundry, and the introduction of washing machinery driven by steam, with the advantage of removal from so dangerous a position in the main building.

Immediately between the orchard and the boys' woods, and skirting the latter on the south, were the boys' gardens,—small plots of from six to ten square perches, each with its summer-house, surmounted by a box, in which, without further attention, grew a plant, the name of which I have not in memory. These gardens were tastefully

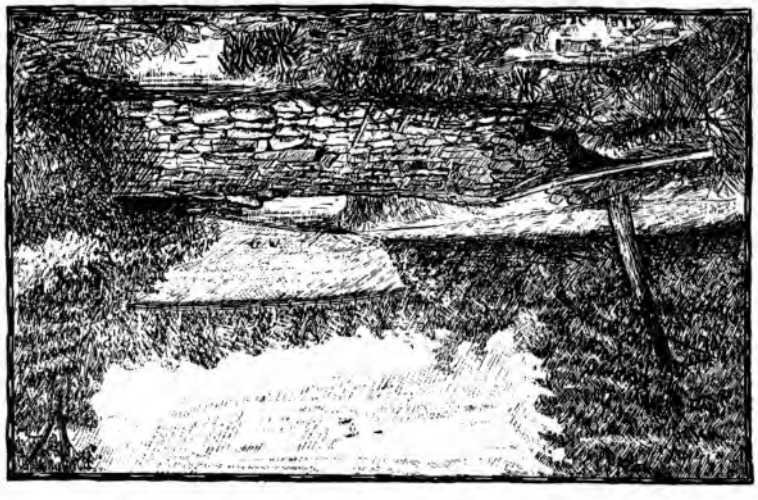
laid out in walks and flower beds of fanciful shapes, and many of them kept in good order; some were much neglected. Their place is marked by flowering shrubs and plants, which yet linger, silent witnesses to the labors and pleasures of bygone days.

Fences were then much used. On each side of the lane was a fence from lower to upper end, and also between the eastern yard and the lane, and around each piece of woodland, Boys' North, Boys' South, and Girls' South woods. . . . The school barn and stable stood where now is the greenhouse. And the way to the Farm House lay down the hill at the west end of the greenhouse, and so, skirting the terrace, out into the present road at the point of the girls' grounds known as Cape Lookout.

Within the boys' yard there stood a number of Lombardy poplar trees, a variety almost unknown to the present generation, and I know of no kind so well adapted to letting down the sunshine as those. They were old trees in 1830, and were soon after taken away.

South of the house there were no large trees then standing but the hackberry and the large white pine, until we come to Maple Grove, the trees of which were large then. There was a considerable terrace just below where the sun-dial now stands, and above that there were some plantations of flowers, afterward gradually increased. All the space now elaborately laid out in walks for the girls, extending almost up to their steps as they now are, was a vegetable garden, under the care in summer of Henry Anderson, who displayed as much ability and industry in that department at that season as in his wood-cellar in winter. This large garden was surrounded by a broad path, in which the girls were allowed to walk for exercise. . . . .

Our only artificial lights were from tallow candles. In school-rooms the desks were frequently arranged with their backs together, and the candle placed upon a little stand or stool made with its feet to



embrace the backs of both desks. Candles were also suspended upon the walls at the sides of the rooms, in hanging tin candlesticks with tin backs to reflect the light. The candles for these uses were all made at the School, and the arrangements were such that the labor was not then thought burdensome.

Perhaps no change is so soon noticed by scholars of that period, when they revisit the School, as the furniture of the tables. The long tables of those days were only covered with a cloth at dinner time. Pewter plates and iron spoons resisted well the destructiveness of the children, as did also the pewter porringers used at breakfast and supper. But who that had an opportunity did not enjoy the bountiful suppers of pie and milk!

The favorite games with boys at Westtown, forty years ago, were hand-ball and corner-ball, and they had an advantage over base-ball in being less dangerous, while affording sufficient exercise and excitement. The Old Dam was our principal resource for swimming and skating. It was then much larger than now, having gradually filled up with sandy deposit brought down by the stream.

Communication with Philadelphia and parts beyond was less frequent and more difficult at that time. A stage, with two, three, or four horses, as the circumstances required, ran twice a week between the Farm House and Philadelphia, conveying the few passengers, packages and letters. And on the regular days the appearance of Josey Todd with the stage at the lower end of the lane, was telegraphed from seat to seat by expectant faces.

Communication by mail with other parts not so accessible, through Philadelphia, was uncertain, and letters were mostly committed to the care of visitors from the different neighborhoods.

In furtherance of this, the letter-rack which now hangs by the side of the window (in the office) then hung in the Visitors' Parlor, and

students having letters to send in that way, put them in the rack; where in the course of time they were found and taken away for delivery by some person whose route enabled him to do so. Regular mail charges were then from five to ten cents a letter.

Although it is a pleasure to let memory run back and revive the scenes of our childhood, I would not have the Westtown of 1830 return at the expense of that of 1877. I believe the institution of that time was well up with others of the same period, and that it has with others still progressed, continuing to hold a place in the van.

CHAPTER VI.

FIGURES OF THE PAST.

> WESTTOWN! thy meek and unobtrusive name
> No bard has yielded to enduring fame.

THE above lines have been quoted to the editor of these pages as the opening stanza of an "address to Westtown," but may we not believe that though the "bard" has been wanting, the name has been honored in the memories of many of Westtown's children. And surely, if we know the meaning of "*enduring* fame" (of one sort), it is illustrated in the tenacity with which we hold in our minds the persons, habits, tones and manners of those with whom we lived in that institution,—those whose names have been well-known in connection with the school. Perhaps the figures of teachers, and those in authority, stand out even more distinctly than those of fellow-pupils.

A Friend with whom the memories of girlhood are still fresh, has given them to us as follows:

The superintendents of this institution have been generally men of very marked character, though of varied qualifications.

It was said of Pennock Passmore, by one who was teacher in his day, that there never came up a question in any of the several departments of learning that he could not answer.

Nathan Sharpless, of later time, was not at all literary, but his economic methods and attention to minutiæ, improved greatly the

pecuniary state of the School, and in this he had a most efficient helper in his sister, Martha Jefferis, who acted as matron, and used herself to scrape every butter-plate, as they came from the tables, that there might be no careless waste, and looked well — with the good sense she showed in everything — to the ways of her household. His wife, Lydia Sharpless, suffering under a severe bodily affliction, could take no active part, but was the motherly and warmly-beloved comforter of every homesick or ailing child who found an asylum and never-forgotten sympathy in "No. 19." Nathan Sharpless was a most impartial administrator of justice, and the boys used to say with emphatic approbation that he always considered the scholars' side of the question as well as the teachers', and no underhand work was countenanced in either. His father had held the office of superintendent many years before, and theirs was not the only instance of such succession.

On reading these remarks over to one who had known Nathan Sharpless well, in past years, she recalled these lines from Joseph Kite's "Address to Westtown:"

> "Then came another Sharpless, he who still
> Gives to the institution practised skill;
> I like the honest purpose of his mind,
> Which never stoops a subtlety to find,
> But what he thinks speaks out in language plain,—
> No covert meaning, no ambiguous strain."

There was Davis Reece; — so long governor that his walk to ring the large bell seemed like the movement of a well-ordered piece of mechanism; — who did the same things, and lectured, punished, drilled, in the same room and in the same manner, year in and year out, and yet seemed never to tire or fail. How many men, scattered all over our broad continent, whose heads are turning gray, or perhaps their steps faltering, will smile at his name, and wonder how he kept on so calmly!

One of these has said, "Faithful Davis Reece! I seem to see him now, sitting in the collecting-room day after day, calm and undisturbed, with the governorship of a hundred and twenty boys resting upon him. . . . I have loving reason to cherish his memory."

In the records of the Historical Committee we find the following:

Davis Reece had the good-will of many culprits. He was governor here when the law of honor amongst boys permitted many now questionable points of morality; when it was the glory of boys to outwit their teachers, and the aim and duty of teachers to catch offenders. At the latter art he was particularly skilful, and the boys respected him for his talents. But they respected him, too, for his many and noble qualities; he interested them in the study of natural history, and to him thanks are due for many specimens found in the cabinet. His services as governor continued for nearly thirty years.

There were persons connected with Westtown, from year to year, of such marked individuality, that those having known them in the intercourse of daily life, can never forget them.

Take, for example, Enoch Lewis. Of very peculiar appearance, careless dress, and quick, impulsive expression, he was still a most interesting man, and different, with an attractive difference, from anyone else. For many years devoted to the School, either as teacher or on the committee, his great mathematical ability and faculties for governing were not the only powers brought into play there. He had at one time studied some medical works, was able to bleed, or *decide*, according to the lights of that day, whether it was best to do so, and was also the dentist of the School. In the latter capacity he seems to

have relied more upon strength than skill, at one time dragging a girl almost across the room in his efforts to extract a refractory tooth.

His son says of him, in describing that portion of his life spent as a teacher at Westtown, "He was successful in inspiring a taste for mathematical learning, and in promoting its culture to an extent previously unknown in that region. In 1799, my father was the only person within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting who could be procured to fill the office of teacher of a mathematical school. For the last quarter of a century there is no district in the world that is more fully supplied with mathematical learning than that embraced within those very limits. The seed thus sown germinated and yielded fruit largely. The benefits of solid education became widely diffused. Of the students who matriculate yearly at Yale and other eastern colleges, none are so thoroughly instructed in mathematics as those who come from Pennsylvania. The influence of the Westtown School on education in Chester and Delaware Counties has been very decided. A better-informed population exists nowhere on this continent than in those counties. . . . .

"The impression made by my father was not uniformly the same upon all students. His manners were severely plain, and there was an air of austerity about him that made it next to impossible to trifle in his presence, and kept in constant awe of him many who did not approach him near enough to discover the large reservoir of the milk of human kindness that lay concealed beneath the superficies of a rather authoritative and unbending exterior."

To quote another, who knew him only in his latest years, "The noble head, snowy locks, ample forehead, heavy, contracted brows, firm mouth, and face furrowed with care, thought, and age, indicated the integrity, piety and kindly nature that all who knew him lovingly recall."

One of his pupils says of him, "It has been my fortune to meet large numbers of the leaders of men, both in the world of literature, and in that of practical life, but very rarely, it seems to me, have I met his superior in intellect, and hardly yet his equal in the simplicity, dignity and strength of his moral character. . . He was not fluent of speech; was never hasty in answering questions; was very tolerant of silence, and even of long pauses for thought in the midst of conversation. But, having waited till his mind was clear of its purpose, he spoke with precision and moderation, and often with what seemed to be strong feeling, not less strong because under complete control. . . . .

"Not long before his death I had a conversation with him of impressive character, the purport of which was, that advancing years had satisfied him more and more of the insignificance of the differences among Christian sects and creeds, among forms of worship and external habits of life; and of the supreme importance of the common faith in Christ, and of the essential morality of the Christian system. These assurances were not needed by me, who already knew him as, under his straight coat and impassive face, bearing a heart nowhere excelled in the spirit of universal toleration, and of comprehensive charity."

A pupil at the School under Enoch Lewis, supplies the following:

Enoch Lewis, as I then thought a very old man, acted for a few months as substitute for a teacher who was temporarily absent. He made an address to us when he first came, and concluded by saying that if the boys behaved themselves aright with him he certainly would do the right thing for them—a fair proposition it seemed to my youth-

ful mind, though I was quite shocked to hear one older than myself whisper, "*Do not even the publicans the same!*"

Some recollections of Dubré Knight, that "Christian gentleman," as he has been called, whose presence and bearing as superintendent are recalled by many old scholars, have been kindly given to us by one whose own name has been closely united with both old and new Westtown, and who taught there when Dubré Knight was superintendent. He says:

"He was slight in figure, and not very tall, reminding one, as well by appearance as by name, of his reputed French descent. His dark hair was rapidly becoming gray, but his black eyes flashed lustrously from beneath arched and bushy brows.

He was very polite and affable in manner, but, owing partially to his deafness, I never became very intimately associated with him. In order to hear ordinary conversation, he made use of a folding tin trumpet, which he had a way of suddenly stuffing away in his pocket if the remarks to which he had been listening were not such as he was pleased to hear; and one always had to wait, on meeting him, until that instrument was adjusted, before one could begin to say what was on his mind.

It is said that when he was walking about one day in the neighborhood, a stranger approached and asked a question, whereupon Dubré Knight instantly whirled around and made an effort to draw his trumpet from his pocket, thus causing it to rattle. The stranger was alarmed by the suddenness of the motion and the sound, and, calling out, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" made off quickly from so dangerous a position.

Toward the end of his life, Dubré Knight showed a rather rapid

decline of flesh and strength, but continued to attend to his duties to the very last. On the First-day evening immediately preceding his death, he read in the girls' collecting-room, to the assembled pupils, some Psalms in such a manner as particularly to impress some present with a sense of their applicability to his own case. It was a common thing for him to read to the children, and he exhibited great skill in reading so as to please and instruct his hearers; but on this occasion he manifested a conviction of the near approach to himself of the "pale messenger that cannot be denied," as he uttered the words, "Our bones are scattered as at the grave's mouth;" and a very solemn feeling spread over the assembly.

On the morning of the Second month 3d, 1868, he had been sitting on the settee at the northern end of the office, and shortly after school commenced he walked to the other end of the room, and was probably about to seat himself at his own desk, when he fell against that of the clerk, striking against Lewis Forsythe in his fall. Some one came running upstairs, crying, "The superintendent has fallen!" and I rushed down to find him apparently dead. Dr. Massey was there in a few minutes, and we made efforts by means of the battery, etc., to revive him, but no response was seen beyond the twitching of the muscles. We felt the utter powerlessness of human aid, and realized, as never before, the suddenness with which the thread of life may be severed. We felt that he had fallen at his post, with "loins girded and lamp trimmed and burning," and we had no doubt the salutation to him was, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

An old Westtown girl, writing of her sessions at the School, which began in 1866, says:

But one face and voice were too kind and pleasant to escape mention — they were the face and voice of our superintendent, Dubré Knight. . . . Trumpet in hand, he would visit us at our seats in the collecting-room, stopping here and there with cheering words and ways. What then were our feelings, as we sat in school one Second-day morning, and heard that "in the twinkling of an eye," almost, he had passed to the spirit-land.

One of Westtown's best known women teachers is thus described by her pupil:

Sarah Baily was in the station of teacher for thirty-five years, living to educate the daughters of some of her former pupils. Not perhaps well calculated to win the love of those under her care, she was still a devoted, faithful teacher, and as proud of her scholars when they did her credit as teacher could be. The peculiarities of her temperament, troublesome, no doubt, to herself as to others, seemed to subside with added years, or grace vouchsafed, and her last days at Westtown were her best.

After leaving there, she felt homeless; and though her means were ample, and she enjoyed travel, and books, and keeping up with all the new educational methods, she never appeared to find any niche for herself in the outside world. She spoke with tender longing of her years of usefulness, and said, when questioned as to how the late scholars compared with those of a score of years before, that while she found no girls of marked genius, as of old, the general average of mind

was higher, and the sense of propriety and self-control in school hours much increased.

I doubt not that many who read her obituary in *The Friend*, felt their hearts warm as they thought of her and her faithful labors; and perhaps grieved that the time had gone by for the late though earnest word of appreciation that she would never have claimed, but which might have gladdened her latter days.

Another Westtown girl has said:

A co-worker of Teacher Sarah's was Martha C. Barton, teacher at Westtown from 1849 to 1867, eighteen years. Many an invalid in the nursery, home-sick girl, and heart needing sympathy in other respects, — and what school-girl's heart does not? — will carry with them grateful recollections of Teacher Martha's lovingkindness. Even the culprit will remember her tender mercies.

Among the "Figures of the Past" dear to the memory of many an old Westtown girl, is that of the beloved governess whose death, occurring at the school, made a deep impression on all the pupils.

One who knew her well says, "In looking back over my Westtown experience of four years, no one comes more forcibly to mind, either among friends or Faculty to whom I would pay a loving tribute of remembrance, than our governess, Sarah W. Moore. I think there were few of her girls, perhaps not any, in the School, who did not love her. She was not dilatory in correcting misbehavior which came under her notice, but knew well how to pass by many a little thing without seeing it, which is an acknowledged secret of success in governing children.

"Perhaps we took a little advantage of this sometimes. All who

knew her as I did will remember a certain little hacking cough she had, particularly if on the alert for mischief. We could almost depend upon it as a signal, giving timely warning of her approach. How well I recall the nights, when, after the lights were put out in the chambers, we listened to her quiet step, and the little cough grew fainter as she went down the four flights of stairs to her own room. Then we thought it safe to venture from our own beds for a little whispered conversation with some of our neighbors, but were ready hastily to slip back again on hearing the same little cough growing nearer and louder.

"A person of middle age, having felt keenly both joy and sorrow, she was well adapted to give the love and sympathy so needed by us of whom she had the charge. Particularly did she look after the physical needs of the girls, seeing that the little ones did not have damp shoes after their walks, etc., and comforting away many a slight ailment by a good nap on the lounge in her room.

"Her personal appearance was always the same, with the spotless cap and handkerchief, which a Westtown governess always wore in those days, perfectly adjusted. It was counted a great privilege to watch and aid her in a few hours of clear-starching, and her cap-making sometimes went on during our study collections, as she sat upon the platform."

The friend who filled the station of matron at the time of Sarah W. Moore's death, compiled some notes describing the latter days of her life, which were copied by many of the pupils. From them we extract the following:

"On Fourth-day morning, contrary to all expectations, she rallied, and was wonderfully strengthened, and enabled to speak to those about her. She wished to see the teachers and other members of the family, having something to say to each one; desiring her love given to every member of the Westtown Committee, also to several

members of the family she had not seen. . . . When parting from the teachers, she spoke as follows: 'I part from you in much love, much tenderness, much kindness, and if I have done anything to hinder the growth of the good seed in any, I trust I may be forgiven. . . . There is no such thing as hiding anything in corners at such a time as this. Tell the girls that I hope they will try to do what they know to be right, for they will have to do what I am doing,— leave this world.'"

The next morning she asked if any Friend had come to attend the mid-week meeting, and at another time inquired who was taking her place in the care of the girls, showing her continued interest in the School.

The intensity of suffering which had accompanied the early part of her illness seems to have decreased, for the narrative concludes, "Her strength continued to decline from day to day, and she lay in a quiet, composed manner, patiently awaiting the solemn change, until she breathed her last on Second-day, the 10th of 3d month, 1873."

Going back to early days, we have these additional particulars about the first teacher on the boys' side:

John Forsythe, whose name occurs so early in the list of Westtown teachers, came to this country, we are told, "from the north of Ireland, just before the Revolution, and soon became both Quaker and schoolmaster." He is, or was, remembered by many for the love he bore to learning, and the manner in which he awakened the minds of his pupils. Some of these pupils afterward became prominent characters, among them Dr. Darlington, the botanist.

It is told of Enoch Lewis that he once said, "A man with John

Forsythe's *life* and James Emlen's *gentleness* would make a perfect teacher."

John Forsythe was "the author of the little grammar called 'Comly's English Grammar made easy to Teacher and Pupil,' . . . published in 1803. . . . Not caring to venture the risks of publication, or not desiring to see his name in print, John Comly undertook the responsibility instead."

John Gummere, while a teacher at Westtown, prepared "Gummere's Surveying," which is still used.

James Emlen resided near the School in what was called the Infirmary (though long out of use as such) when the committee was accommodated there in large numbers, and before the new Farm House was erected, with its more commodious quarters. His wife, Sarah Emlen, was a highly gifted minister, and both were so dedicated in life and conversation to the service of their Heavenly Father as to be marked examples. James Emlen was teacher for several years, and one of his pupils bears testimony to "the unruffled serenity of his brow, even under the adverse air of a class of lively boys. They all recognized the reality of *his* Christianity. It was not put on at intervals for holiday wear, but was the constant clothing of his spirit. His patience and gentleness won their love and regard, whilst his dignified demeanor and impartial conduct secured the respect even of the unruly. It was considered rather a mean act, even among disorderly boys, to infringe the rules whilst in his room. There seemed an atmosphere of peace and holiness about him that told forcibly of the influence which the sanctified disciple of Christ has upon those with whom he associates."

Another says:

"Our writing teacher was James Emlen; quiet, almost womanly, in his gentleness. I have in my album—for each one of us had his album—a little poem which he wrote, a quotation, I believe, which I always associate with him, and with Westtown: [our contributor quotes from memory only]

"A man of subtle learning asked
A peasant if he knew
Where was the internal evidence
That proved his Bible true.
The words of skill and studied art
Had never reached his ear;
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answered *here*."

Before closing this chapter, it seems a fitting time to give a place to the old servants of Westtown (though some of them have been mentioned in other places), who certainly should have their niche among the "Figures of the Past." It speaks well for the institution and for themselves that many of them have seemed to appreciate their homes, and retained their places for years.

One of our contributors has pleasant memories of "Dear old Nurse (I dare say she was not old at all—in my present estimate of age) Hannah Lever. I can never forget her tenderness and kindness to me in the nursery. I hope and trust she was as tenderly and kindly nursed in her last illness." In another place he says that she made the visits to the nursery pleasant, "even though a dose of Epsom salts was an almost inevitable consequence."

The school shoemaker has always been an important personage (especially to the boys, who made frequent visits to him), and in early days the little lame tailor, Thomas Dent, held a conspicuous place. Of course, when there were no vacations, the children's clothing needed

renewing at the School (their visits at home not being very long, or perhaps not at the right season), and how interesting it would be if some specimens of his work could have been handed down to us, as well as one or two bills, and some traditions about style and material, which are all we have. These traditions tell of velvet suits for the boys, but they were no doubt of sober colors, and that was not so uncommon then as now.

We are told of old Eli Seeds, the night watchman, who, with his great brown dog Argus bringing up the rear, made his rounds, equipped with his club and tin lantern, "a picture not unworthy of the pencil of a Hogarth."

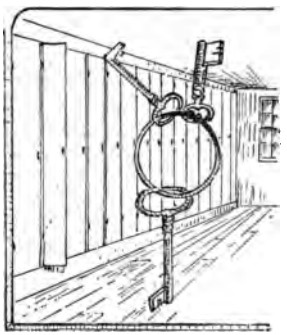
"It afforded Joe H—— and myself much merriment," says the chronicler (B. J. Leedom, in his "Westtown"), "when on our midnight forages, to catch a glimpse of old Eli through the keyhole of the great hall-door, and when he approached to try the fastenings, to give the door a violent shake and rattle at the handle, which terrified him nearly into fits, and resulted in his immediate flight, with Argus at his heels, dropping the lantern sometimes on the floor. There being nothing but a slim dip candle within, there was no danger of a conflagration, and ere he obtained assistance we were safely in bed, congratulating ourselves on the success of the joke, whilst next day the report would circulate that the house had been assaulted by robbers, but the stalwart arm of our brave watchman had beaten them off. By keeping our counsel the secret was never discovered. Occasionally he would come upon us steathily whilst engaged at the collecting-room store in the manufacture of candy in a tin-cup, from sugar obtained in a wash basin the day before from the basement store-room, and threaten us with exposure if we did not immediately retire. By argument we were generally enabled to complete our task before complying with his wishes."

A very imperfect list the editor feels this to be, but closes the random notes feeling sure that each reader who has known and loved old Westtown can fill out his or her own catalogue of "figures of the past," and hoping that these sketches may freshen some memories.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTTOWN "COMPANIES."

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1877.)



EARS ago it was one of the common questions asked of Westtown girls by their home friends, "What 'Company' is thee in?" and a foreigner listening to the question and its answer, "I'm in the 'Snow-drop Band,'" or in the "Ruby Seal" or the "Daisy Chain," would probably fail to comprehend clearly what these mystical associations might be, for, so far as we can ascertain, they were one of Westtown's own and peculiar creations, and have not been found in any other locality.

But let us draw a picture—a winter scene of Seventh-day afternoon in the girls' collecting-room ten years ago. The same old room as at present! The same old desks, only more in number, with low-backed, uncomfortable seats before them instead of chairs, the same platform, minus the carpet, the same settee, minus the cushions, and the book-case and frame around the heater are unchanged—rather less venerable, that is all. Thus most of the features remain, and yet we of this day never see the collecting-room presenting the aspect it did then. Instead of the desks running in rows up and down the room, they are grouped together in various ways, forming hollow squares, triangles, etc., within which, as soldiers behind their breastworks, sit

the girls of that period, "busy at their leisure" with ribbons, zephyrs and what not. The room is in a buzz of conversation, while here and there a girl is reading aloud to those within the same enclosure. This is the picture.

Each separate group or party is a "Company," and formed, as you see, for social purposes. The "Companies" have their government, the rules of which, though never perhaps reduced to a written code, were well understood, and were about as follows: First—On Seventh-day afternoons and "privileges" continued intercourse between members of different Companies was forbidden. Should a girl in "Ruby Seal" desire to pass the time in friendly chat, reading or recreation with another in "Daisy Chain," she must forego the pleasure, or run the risk of producing hard feeling and discords amongst members of both sides. If persisted in the offender was disowned. Second—At other times more liberty was allowed, but was dangerous if carried too far. Third—"Boxes"—that is, eatables—were common property, lodged for convenience in the cupboard of the member to whom they had been sent, but who was expected to invite others to partake.

To illustrate the working of the last part of the system we give an example, though the case was rather unusual. A box was sent to one of the girls, who, on its arrival, was sick in the nursery. A member of her Company came asking for the key of her cupboard, and upon her recovery the invalid discovered that all her eatables had vanished, untasted by her, save only something that had been sent as medicine. This was counted quite honest — though perhaps inconsiderate.

Having seen Companies in working order, let us witness the process of formation.

At the beginning of the session, the various girls, having scrutinized each other for the first few days, by Seventh-day afternoon, if not before, were ready to begin the process of crystallization. From the

body of new comers the old Companies, or the remnants left over from a previous session, *always* invited into their associations sisters, *usually* cousins, and *frequently* those from the neighborhood in which they lived when at home, provided their social standing rendered it proper. Frequently also, if there happened to be others, though strangers, whose manner and general appearance testified they were of sufficient rank and quality, they were adopted into these old Companies, some of which lasted for a number of years. Thus the "Myrtle Wreath" attained an age of at least ten years, and would probably be in existence still had not the whole arrangement vanished.

But to return to the subject of the formation of Companies. There was a considerable residue left from which new bands were formed, but nearly always there were some who were left alone—often from distant neighborhoods, who felt themselves doubly strange by the highly unpleasant position in which they were placed, especially when they heard themselves termed "Scrap Companies" and other contemptuous names. New scholars could not be sure that former friendship would gain them entrance—that tenure being rendered exceedingly precarious by the arbitrary restrictions which the Company system developed.

Not unfrequently these clans grew too large for convenience by an influx of sisters, cousins and others; this rendered a division necessary. About six was the usual number.

It will be readily seen that such a system was open to many objections. Working upon a wrong principle, what else could be expected? True friendship exists where it is possible to give as well as to receive what shall cultivate and enrich the spiritual nature. Such spirits, left untrammeled, find each other, and it is obvious that those artificial distinctions which keep them asunder fail to conduce to the happiness of society. The Company system brought and kept Westtown girls together, not always, however, by the attractive influence of

true friendship. Totally dissimilar tastes and temperaments were made to walk in close alliance, while friends eyed each other in the distance. One of the strongest bonds of union among the members were the "feasts" in which all partook.

In thus condemning this manner of organization, we are not saying that life amongst the Westtown girls was, in the main, unhappy. When the Company was truly a band of friends, there were the circumstances of undisturbed intimacy, which made the arrangement an exceedingly pleasant one, and even amongst Companies there was some, though small, range of selection. But there was no guarantee for happiness.

Considering, then, the principle upon which they were founded and conducted, it is not strange to read the following in a letter from a Friend who once acted as teacher, and afterwards as governess, at Westtown. "I have watched," she says, "with some interest the results after leaving school, where so much profession of friendship was manifested, and have seldom found intimacies continued, or friendship lasting."

But it is strange that in a boarding-school of a Society remarkable for the equality of its parts, and for the common interests which bind it together, a system of *caste* should find entrance, and so long rule with so strong a hand.

How, or exactly when, it originated at Westtown we have failed to discover. The first intelligence of its existence in the school was in 1807, when there was at least one, called the "Cottage Company," from the fact of its owning or occupying a little cottage, possibly a summer house, which stood in the west yard, by the fence of the old garden, which then took up much of what is now the girls' bounds.

But we have evidence that Companies were much less exclusive and influential in their earlier than in their later stages. A Friend who

was a pupil here seventy years ago writes, "I heard little about Companies in any way," and tells that though she had friends who were dearly loved through life, she had no Company.

In 1829 (the long interval is on account of lack of information), the whole school was divided geographically into four companies,—the Philadelphia Company, containing those from that city and from Chester and Delaware counties, etc.; the Jersey Company, the Baltimore Company, and the Ohio Company. By this time an idea of aristocracy had crept in—the first two of those named being considered the most respectable: the others were smaller in number.

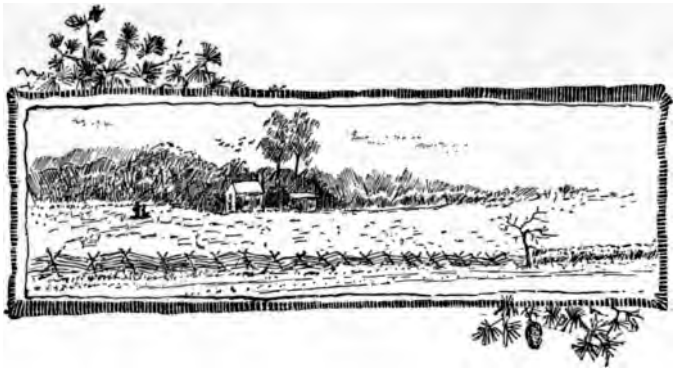
On Seventh-day afternoons the old collecting room, now "17" and "18," was the general gathering place, each party having its own section. There being no desks, the walls of the room in each division were adorned with cases and satchels of various descriptions, holding books, slates, letters, etc. Promiscuous sharing of cupboard fare was not customary, in fact could scarcely have been possible, on account of the size of the Companies.

After this time, for a space of near ten years, these bands seem to have been broken. We judge from the fact that those who were here between 1830 and 1840 seem to have little or no recollection of anything of the kind. In 1831 a new officer, a governess, was introduced, whose influence, or that of some of the teachers, probably led to the abolition or modification of the system. The girls were associated upon a different principle—that of mutual restraint and improvement in conduct. The following is a description of the plan, nearly as given by a correspondent:

"The older and more sober girls had little ones under their care, each having two or three. These caretakers were called 'mothers;' in the evening, when the bell rang, each 'mother' went to her own desk, and the children gathered around her. All had little conduct

books, in which a daily account was kept. The older girls kept their own record, but the books of the little girls were kept by their caretakers, who read the rules, and the little ones answered whether clear or guilty. This being over, they read to their charge a chapter of the Bible, or some tract, or perhaps talked to them."

From about 1840 we know of no interruption to their existence until the abolition, and we trust a final abolition, in the winter of 1874–'75. For some time previous to the latter date the Company system had proved itself unsatisfactory. Troubles arose in regard to new admissions. Dissimilar minds refused to live in peaceful intimacy; and friend sought friend outside the prescribed boundaries. A feeling of independence began to assert itself, which, encouraged by the teachers, led to a general revolution. The largest Company in the school, which had experienced peculiar trials, ascended the platform of the collecting-room, and announced itself dissolved — that the members now held themselves at liberty to associate as they chose, without being called to account for it by any organization. Other companies quietly fell apart, and the school became all one body.



CHAPTER VIII.*

PRIVILEGES.

THE frequent holidays at Westtown, generally known as "privileges," appear not to have been the creation of any one set of officers, or of any one period, but to have increased gradually in frequency and regularity until the present system was pretty firmly established. Previous to 1836 we have no record of any holidays—except that in winter if there came exceptionally good skating a little favor was sometimes shown to the boys, and in summer, when the weather became oppressively warm, both boys and girls were sometimes released from school for half a day. Following the year above mentioned, when the school-year was first divided into sessions, it gradually became the custom to allow one half day in each term. By the boys these occasions were almost always seized upon for visiting places of interest some distance from the school. In the winter time the "Magnet Quarry," the "Axe Factory," and "Willcox's Paper Mill" were the chief places from which

* From Records of the Westtown Historical Committee.

to choose. In summer the Brandywine was the universal resort. At that time, and for many years before and after, the gubernatorial department was presided over by Davis Reece, who, being seconded generally by some of the teachers, gave a scientific turn to these walks. Persons yet living speak of the enthusiasm inspired at such times, and the eagerness with which rare specimens were sought out. "Master Davis" knew all the localities, and on the botanizing excursions especially was sure to get the first and best specimen of a rare plant. When nearing the spot, making a feint in some other direction so as to get all the boys to run ahead of him, he would tack short about and thus reach the coveted spot first. With the girls sewing and fancy work seem to have been the usual occupations at such times, both in earlier years and after privileges became more frequent.

About the year 1840 an important change was made. Here again Davis Reece seems to have been a moving spirit. In order to discourage the use of "plural language," as well as other language of an objectionable character, four or five privileges were granted each session to those pupils who conformed to the requisitions of the scholars in certain particulars. All the boys were organized into companies of either three or four members each, and in order that they might watch and check each other, it was ruled that if one member of a company was detected in using improper language, the whole company was kept in school on the occasion of the next privilege. The teachers alternated in the care of those who were thus detained. All the privileges were "language privileges," provided any company or companies were kept in; if none had forfeited the time all were at liberty. The feature of companies and language privileges was not adopted by the girls, but nearly or quite the same number of holidays was allowed them. The practice in the female department seems to

have differed also in this respect from the prevailing custom in the other department, and the difference is still kept up to a certain extent. Fewer whole half-days were apportioned to rest and recreation, but frequent "walks" were allowed, occupying the time otherwise devoted to one or more recitations. As they seldom attempted long excursions this was thought to be a more profitable way of disposing of the leisure time.

About the year 1860 the number of privileges was increased to a possible number of nine per session. There is probably no written law to this effect, but custom has so regulated the matter. With the boys all or any portion of these, at the discretion of the governor, may be language privileges. As a matter of practice, for a dozen years past, not more than two or three per session have been thus denominated.

With the increase in frequency, and influenced in part perhaps by the tastes and inclinations of the officers, privileges have almost entirely lost their scientific tinge. Occasionally single classes or small companies go out for the purpose of scientific investigation, but of late years little attempt has been made to arouse universal interest in any branch of natural science.

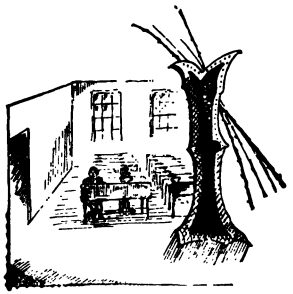
A slight change may be observed in another respect. Originated, at first, especially among the boys, as an incentive to the use of plain language, and having little connection with other questions, they are now fully recognized as being contingent upon the general good order of the school. A privilege may be postponed, or entirely omitted, should disorder occur of which the school fails to clear itself. In this way they have been of essential service at different times. The evident justness of such a rule must impress all with favor, and if sometimes the innocent are made to suffer with the guilty, it is not more frequently than under the best system of human laws ever yet devised. Privileges

are now spent much as are Seventh-day afternoons and other times of leisure. Boys either engage in games, or wander about on the north end of Westtown farm, which they are allowed to do at such times. Girls more than anything else spend their time at fancy work, or odds and ends of reading or writing, for which they have not found other time. On both sides of the house are a number usually who spend a large share of their time at their books. Some, recently, incline to the idea that girls, like boys, might, to advantage, spend more time out of doors, taking longer walks and storing up oxygen for future days of toil.

That the privileges are seasons of nearly unalloyed enjoyment is natural to the period of youth, and causes them to be remembered with pleasure.

CHAPTER IX.

DEALING WITH OFFENDERS.



IN the performance of this duty the officers of Westtown have not been unmindful of that query which advises that offenders should be dealt with "without partiality or unnecessary delay, in order for their help," and that it has been truly "for their help," (when wisely done), many old Westtowners can bear witness.

The methods of punishment and the character of the offences have changed with years, and it is well to remember, when we are looking back to the early days of the school, that the feeling beween teachers and pupils everywhere was very different then. We must conclude, from what we learn of it, that the latter regarded the former as their enemies, to be circumvented and taken advantage of upon every occasion; while they, in turn, were regarded as a band of young rebels, whom only the most rigorous methods of discipline could keep in order. Speaking of these days, one of our contributors (whose own Westtown life was near enough to that period to give her opinions weight) has said:

"Undoubtedly the old regime at Westtown was strict, and even rigid; it would now perhaps be called hard and severe,—but we must remember times are greatly changed. Children were then differently treated at home. Their homes were not so luxurious, their wants not so

many, and their parents' duty to *restrain* had much stress laid upon it, especially in our Society. Young people were expected to keep in the background before their elders, and it was thought salutary for them to grow accustomed to some hardship and disappointments, and to have to give up to the wishes and comfort of others,— to be generally at home, and usefully employed. School was looked upon not only as a place of learning, but of discipline, and those who rebelled under it had small sympathy.

The little boy who ran away from Westtown, tramped all the way to Philadelphia, and was found pounding and shouting at his mother's back gate after night-fall, was promptly sent back next day, by that firm widowed mother.

In like manner was the one disposed of who, sent twenty miles in his father's carriage, felt so homesick, as he saw it drive off, that he ran across the fields, intercepted the coachman, persuaded him to let him establish himself again within, and returned to his father's door. When he was again driven to Westtown he was a sadder and a wiser boy.

One good mother of a large family was asked if her boys were happy at Westtown, and answered that she did not know, for no one had ever asked them.

The children were not to be expected perhaps to have much love or respect for teachers or institution. The girls dated their letters from "the Convent," and descanted on the strictness of the governess, or the severity of teachers. They were made to treat them with profound respect, but there was much fear and little love in their hearts. Yet those teachers were conscientious, self-sacrificing workers; and one who held the office in 1808 said, in after years, he never knew, while under that roof, an hour free from responsibility and care. There were no vacations. Each scholar went home for a short visit every six months, but the school was always in session.

Who can say, until time shall reveal, whether this discipline of duty under which our parents were trained for the grave responsibilities of life, was a safer and surer path, with all its hardness, than our softer and pleasanter ways?

Coming down later, among the thirties and forties, the tension was somewhat relaxed,— the teachers were much more companionable, many of them much beloved by their pupils, and a more sunny atmosphere generally established. The men and women teachers mingled more freely with each other, and were seen promenading together between the straight flower-beds that formed the "teachers' garden," often gay with the flame-like color of the Scotch broom, or the pure, stately yuccas (or, as they were then called, "Adam and Eve's thread and needle,") that flourished so grandly there. It was an edifying sight to the pupils,— but the garden was much too public for anything like flirtation.

This mention of the garden recalls the fact that the governor had (at one time) his garden too, which was curiously connected with the discipline of the school—curiously, that is, to our modern ideas. A long strip of ground was left, running back of the "boys' gardens" the full length of the plot. It was planted (with vegetables we suppose) and kept in order by the boys, who worked there a certain length of time in expiation of certain offences, and facetiously called it "Botany Bay." Perhaps even "convict labor" was preferable to the dreary monotony of being "returned."

There is such a strong impression in some quarters that the government of Westtown, even forty-five or fifty years ago, was one of fear and force, that it seems worth while to quote just here from a letter by one of our contributors.

"It was a new experience for me, going away from home, where, being the youngest boy, I had been much petted. But it was my good

fortune to find friends there who were very kind to me, and some of the petting to which I had been used at home seemed to be transferred to Westtown." Very commonly the conclusion of remarks contrasting the old-style discipline and the present is something like this: "But we were very happy in spite of all that;" "Teacher B—— was really as kind as could be. It was only the usual plan at that time." There must often have been glimpses through the stern manners and customs of a true kindliness beneath.

The records of the Historical Committee throw some light on the punishments in vogue in the early days of the school. We present, as bearing on this subject, a few facts gleaned from them.

It appears from the minutes of the Committee that the age of the pupils to be admitted to Westtown was a subject of much deliberation, and that it varied in different years. "The first enactment was to the effect that no pupil under eight years was to be admitted. In 1800 no new scholars under ten nor over fifteen. In 1802 girls of any age above ten were allowed. It 1803 boys might stay until seventeen. In 1805 a religious exercise was felt for the guarded education of the youth, and in order to attain to that end it was judged best not to allow boys to remain longer than fifteen. In 1809 boys might remain till sixteen." The inference deducible from all this is that the system of whipping then in vogue failed to bring the older boys into subjection, and consequently, to keep order, said boys had to be kept away; but this reduced the size of the school so much, and consequently the finances, that the law would be changed; then disturbances would again break out, to be again met in the manner described.

With the girls the course pursued was less vacillating, probably because the behavior was more satisfactory. Offences were light, and were met with such punishments as making the delinquent write poetry, or being placed at the disgrace table in the dining-room, if an offender

in that quarter. At one time we hear of a girl being shut up in a room for a week for giving way to what seemed like detraction; on another occasion she was deprived of watermelons at a time when they were in season because she called out, "Mercy!" when roughly treated by one of her comrades. But severities seem to have been rare, and we read that in 1802 the committee were "gratified with the steady deportment and amiable manners more particularly observable among the females." But the boys had much to answer for. They frequently ran off to a store near by; and we find in the journal of one who was a pupil here then, that he "took liberties, with others, in going beyond the prescribed bounds, but was restrained from any very flagrant violations of order, or joining the worst boys in bad language or systematic defiance of the authority of the teachers." Surely "the former times" were not "better than these."

One or two Friends have described the whipping process thus: "The transgressor was first sent out to cut a rod. Returning, he was desired to take off his coat and seat himself on the floor, while the switch was applied with no gentle touch. Sometimes his companions were called to witness the scene, that they might learn to avoid his errors. 'Johnny the Tanner' was the name of one of the teachers specially qualified for this form of correction."

It seems a pity that the name of the officer who instituted the writing of verses as a punishment should not have been handed down to posterity.

Was it done from an impression that it would be well to "nip in the bud" all tendency to versifying on the part of those not born poets, and disgust them early with their own effusions? Or was the teacher something of a wit, and able to enjoy the ludicrous results that must sometimes have followed such forced rhyming?

Some of the victims did not waste words; for we read of one who,

having to be punished for misbehavior in meeting, produced the following:

> "They who in meeting have a wandering mind,
> Are certainly to sin inclined."

One punishment is described by B. J. Leedom in his book on Westtown. Having been discovered gazing out of the window at a time when the teacher wished his mind centred upon his lesson, he was desired to seat himself on the sharp rail under the teacher's desk. He says, "I had been sitting there but a few moments when a boy approached the desk, apparently to ask the solution of his sum, and, unobserved, quietly slipped a small edition of Walker's dictionary into my hand, which I balanced upon the rail, and sat upon it, thereby frustrating one of the teacher's objects in placing me there. After sixty-three years the crease in that dictionary still remains, reminding me of the days of Westtown under the old regime."

That the dealing with offenders has not been altogether left to the officers is proved by the history of the Boys' Chamber Organization, which was nine years in existence, and has been imitated by the Study Room Organization, and perhaps by others similar.

The Chamber Organization (we find its history well told in the records of the Historical Committee), had its beginning during the winter of 1864–5, a session made famous by the construction of the skating-pond. In this work the officers of the school took a warm interest, as is shown by the following appeal, which was then issued.

The officers and students of Westtown Boarding School, having obtained permission of the Farming Committee to construct a skating-dam, solicit help to carry on the work, trusting that an appeal to those known to be interested in the work may not be in vain.

DUBRÉ KNIGHT.
DAVID J. SCOTT.

The appeal was by no means without avail, and the work went on under the active superintendence of the governor, who seems to have advanced it by every means in his power. The boys could but feel grateful to him, and while the feeling was strong he made *his* appeal.

He told them, one evening when assembled in collection, how glad he would be if they would be willing to pledge themselves to go quietly to sleep after the lights were out in the chambers, and allow him to return quietly downstairs and have the rest of the evening to himself. Those airy dormitories were not the most comfortable place for a lonely vigil on a winter's night. They must go to bed at the appointed time, but he did not see why he should be kept there. Would they grant his request? "It was not much for them to give, but a great deal for him to receive."

The boys seem to have been impressed by this reasonable proposal, and quite willing to accept it. They organized in special societies for each chamber, with their officers, who met once in two weeks, and reported the breaches of discipline, which were duly punished. Sometimes difficulty arose from the fact that there were no doors between the chambers, but wide archways instead. So if a bed stood directly beneath one of the arches, and was shared by two boys, it was very easy for one of them in the last chamber to create a disturbance in the middle one, by giving his bed-fellow a kick, or making the overtures for a pillow-fight. But, from all we learn, the plan must have worked well, so long as the influence of the founders, who were earnest in the work, lasted. New boys who joined the organization because "it was the thing to do," and thought it would be easy to evade punishment, "found themselves confronted by outraged public opinion," and learned some valuable lessons. A printed copy of the rules, signed by the officers, hung in each chamber, and gave no one an opportunity to plead want of knowledge as to what was required of them.

Perhaps it might have been well if the girls had followed some like example, for (we quote from a description of Westtown in 1866) there was not always the best of order in the girls' chambers after the lights were out, and "a ghost one dark night undertook a parade amongst the trees in our bounds, to the no small consternation, or excitement, at least, of other parties. But the said ghost had afterward to stand up in the bed-collection as an acknowledgment of the offense."

That the need for the Boys' Chamber Organization was great no one will doubt who remembers or has heard of the rousing pillow-fights that raged at times in those regions, or the tricks which sinners played on "the good boys." One was for two or three of them to surround a bedstead and lift one end of it so carefully as not to disturb the sleeping occupant. Then the legs under the raised end were balanced upon the sloping lid of a trunk, and the conspirators hurried to their own beds. As soon as the unusual position disturbed the victim, and he turned over to see what was the matter, the uplifted end of the bedstead slipped off the trunk, and came down with a resounding *bang!*

Of beds made "pie fashion," beds with the slats removed, beds with the under sheet sprinked with dried bread crumbs, and all the varieties of mischief invented by fertile brains, and executed in those great, bare old chambers, we do not need to speak at length. Many of our readers can fill out the story with their own reminiscences, and the neat little bed-rooms of the New Westtown make them seem like tales of the past indeed.

Some of our correspondents have described other methods of punishment, such as "standing up" for singing and "plural language," and the "taking seats" that followed the confession. Some of us who had been brought up in strict "plainness of speech" hardly appre-

ciated the struggles of others to attain perfection in this last requirement. One little girl is well remembered who finally schooled herself to using "thee" to the people around her, but had to sorrowfully confess with tears that she "did say '*you*' to the croquet balls."

Much more on this subject might be said, but we will close with the story of a boy who was an "offender" in rather a novel way. It is related by the same Friend who has told us of the *chicken pie* in another chapter. He says: "Some months after our palates had been gratified by the chicken pie, there were vague rumors in the air that we were to be regaled with roast pig, a dish which Charles Lamb, in his delightful 'Essays of Elia,' has thought not unworthy of his pen and praises. . . . At last the important day came, and with appetites sharpened by expectation we descended to the dining-room. It was, as I must confess at this remote day, a starting spectacle. At the head of each table, in a very natural pose, maintained by the stiffness of the roasting, was a well-grown, not fully-grown pig, as Charles Lamb says, "Young and tender sucklings, guiltless as yet of the sty.'' —one at the head of each table, five in all. The mental condition of the boys was not calmed by this great tableau.

"Indeed it was difficult for them to drop into silence, which only their good training effected. Silence over, the fifth table became the scene of an excitement which I have not yet forgotten. Every eye was turned on the pig, as he stood in his place on the dish, the knife was sharpened, the fork plunged in, when suddenly there came a fearful sound as between a groan and a grunt! The carver paused, looked around, thought he must be mistaken, and plunged the fork in deeper, and then—there came, in a sepulchral tone of voice, the words, '*Don't carve me!*'

"Cold drops of perspiration stood on the forehead of Master H——, the monitors at the head of the table turned pale, and even the

sharpened appetites of the boys were dulled for the moment. . . It was, however, but for a moment. The pig was cut and eaten, as only boys can eat, and the poor boy who had the unfortunate, irresistible gift of ventriloquism, alone went without his dinner.

"He gave his promise that he would not use this power again while in the school, a promise he kept for a long time. One night, however, a teacher had kept him and another boy up until a late hour. As they were sitting in the silence of the lecture room, the temptation became irresistible, and a sepulchral voice came up, directly under the teacher's chair, '*Don't flog this boy!*' Startled at first, the teacher soon recognized the source, and as he had failed to keep his promise, the boy was sent away from the school. I have often wondered what was his future, though I have never heard from or of him. He was from Ohio — perhaps he may yet be a candidate for the Presidency!"

CHAPTER X.

THE SHADOWED SIDE.

OUR poet Whittier speaks of the volume of Memory, on the pages of which

> "Closely mingling, pale and glow
> The characters of joy and woe;
> The monographs of outlived years,
> Or smile-illumed, or dim with tears,"

and we have been dwelling so entirely on the brighter pages as almost to overlook the fact that even the care-free life of a Westtown scholar had its shadowed side.

There were troubles that came to the home-friends, and so to the members of the family circle who were away at school, and the writer calls to mind more than one tearful and sympathetic group gathered about a girl who had "bad news from home," or waving farewells as she rode off in the stage on her way to attend the funeral of some near and dear one.

But such events, after all, created only a momentary ripple of sympathy on the current of Westtown life. The student soon came back again, a little pale and silent perhaps, but only near friends noticed that. All went on much as before. It was when the sickness, accident, or death happened at Westtown that the sorrow and sympathies of all were aroused.

It has been said that the number of deaths at the school has been remarkably small, taking all circumstances into account, and no doubt this is true, yet a beloved superintendent, a governess, and a teacher

have been taken away in the midst of their duties, within the past twenty years, and there have been young lives cut short also, sometimes in such a way as to impress most deeply the minds of playfellows and comrades.

We quote from the account given us by a contributor of one such occasion. He says:

NOT the fairest flower or the most withy sapling is spared by the insidious worm; and even amid the healthy air and healthy life of Westtown, one now and then is stricken down by some dark-working disease or sudden accident.

One summer, a good many years ago, memorable to me as my first session, some little germs, flitting about as invisible spirits, found their way among us. I have long had a notion that a favorite haunt of these wicked germs was the big chamber where we boys enjoyed an occasional pillow fight, and slept soundly so many nights in spite of the dense atmosphere.

The malevolence of these particular germs was satisfied with producing *measles*. An experience of the disease in early childhood I had found not unpleasing, when it imprisoned my brothers and me in a darkened room, where, however, it permitted us to play upon our beds, and partake in true social style of sick-room delicacies. It is therefore not surprising that, when the measles broke out in a mild form among the boys, some of us were not greatly alarmed. The cases multiplied, indeed, but this chiefly afforded us amusement, since we could stand beneath the nursery windows, and laugh at our friends, who looked wistfully out at us.

Among the larger boys was one on whom we little fellows looked with respect and admiration. He was catcher in the first nine of the Excelsior Base Ball Club; a youth whose fine physique and manly

bearing made him a leader in the school. After a while he was taken with the disease. Soon he was more sick than most of the boys, and we did not see him at the windows; but in the multitude of cases we heard little more of his than of the rest, until most were convalescent. Then we learned that he had suffered a relapse, having taken cold, which caused serious complications of the disease. He was said to be very ill. As the days went by we heard often of his condition, but he grew no better. His recovery was very doubtful. Then it was despaired of altogether, and we went sadly about our tasks with an awful dread hanging over us. One morning, soon, we were told that he was dying, and that lessons would be suspended. So with bated breath we wandered aimlessly about, unable to escape from the cloud that overhung us. The day was warm; the nursery windows open; and our school-mate, as he lay in seemingly unconscious suffering, was breathing out his life in gasping groans, audible, in the prevailing hush, as we passed about outside. At last this became still, and all was over.

That evening, in bed-collection, our kind governor,— whose chief concern, however, seemed to be to impress us with a due sense of the awfulness of the occasion,— read to us that beautiful, admonitory chapter of Ecclesiastes beginning, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." . . . And those sadly poetic warnings of Solomon still awaken in my mind faint echoes of that awful dread, though I believe we need not have sorrowed "as those who have no hope."

In the early days of Westtown the difficulties and dangers attending the passage of an epidemic through the school were much greater than in latter times, not only because the advance in medical science has taught us better how to deal with such things, but because long ag

the homes and families of the sick children were so much more inaccessible.

The following extract from a paper found in the portfolio of the Historical Committee, throws some light on the subject:

"Sickness sometimes appeared in the midst. In 1802 scarlet fever and dysentery attacked some of the pupils, and all who could were advised to leave the school and go to their homes, or to the homes of some of their friends. After some time had elapsed it was thought safe to return, but soon after one girl, Anna Carlisle, went to the nursery to have a tooth extracted, and before long was taken ill." The following soon after occurs on the minutes of the Committee: "The death of one of the children at the boarding-school, which has lately happened, bringing into notice the necessity of allotting a spot of ground on the farm as a burial place, it is recommended to the acting Committee to consider the most suitable situation for that purpose, and to direct the enclosure of a portion of ground sufficient therefor." We are told that such a spot was selected, and lay along the lane on the north side, but nothing further appears to have been done in regard to it.

A sad place that little burial ground would have been!

The epidemic diseases at Westtown do not seem usually to have assumed a very deadly form. We are told that "Typhoid fever broke out in the school the latter part of the winter of 1850–51. Two deaths occurred among the boys, and the session terminated, without an examination, three weeks before the usual time. The opening of the next term was deferred about a month."

But sometimes none of the cases have been serious, and the anxiety has been more among care-takers and physicians, who looked forward to what might be, than among the pupils. Both diphtheria

and scarlet-fever were in the school during the writer's Westtown life, the former more than once; yet our days went by very much as usual, and even some of us who ran remarkable risks (in my own case a bed-fellow taking the disease) were favored to escape.

Taking our medicine after bed collection was rather an amusement, the governess standing at her desk and dosing the allopathic girls as they filed past her, while the homœopathists marched off to Number 20, where each received her allowance of little pills. (The homœopathic girls were in the minority that session, and somewhat persecuted in consequence.)

We missed our comrades, but heard often about them, and made great rejoicings over them when they were allowed to return to us; and they, on their part, though passing through discomfort, sometimes suffering, and the pangs of home-sickness, which are especially poignant in the nursery, were well cared for, and had some good times when the worst of the attack was over.

Just here seems the place to say a few words of life in the nursery, though it was by no means altogether passed among the shadows.

One of our contributors has told how, through a vista of years, he still looks back to a dear old nurse, whose loving care made less unpleasant even her doses of Epsom salts! He does not hold a monopoly of such memories. On both sides of the house there have been those whose tender ministrations went far to take the place of mothers and aunts, and who are gratefully remembered. How cookery was reduced to a fine art in the tiny kitchen that opened out of the girls' nursery — (as it stood in the old building).

Cream-toast and mustard plasters might closely succeed each other, but each was excellent in its way. And oh, the comfort, to a convalescent girl, of seeing a dainty *little* meal at Westtown! And much might be said of those good nurses!—of their tenderness with

suffering, and the irritability caused by it, and their patience with the frolics and fun of the convalescents when several "chums" were together. Of course this must be quiet, but it was none the less enjoyed, and, after an attack of sickness, one needed a few days of comparative health to gather strength before plunging into the tide of school-life again.

To carry the simile a little further: The nursery was a quiet eddy, by the bank of the stream, where a few sticks of the timber which it bore along were held together and sheltered from the rush of the current until they were ready to strive with it once more. And having been drawn so closely together there, they were apt to retain a sympathy afterwards. Many a friendship has been cemented in the nursery.

Some of the shadows of Westtown life have been thrown by accidents, of which the school has necessarily had some share. The sledding hill has had its tragic incidents (though not nearly so many as anxious relatives have prophesied to some of the coasters), and the swimming- and skating-ponds have had theirs. One of these will be best related in the words of one who witnessed it.

It was a beautiful Seventh-day afternoon in summer, just hot enough to make the boys eager for a swim. We had been reveling to our hearts' content in splashing, diving, and other aquatic antics common when all the boys were in the pond together. It was jolly good fun; hardly another summer sport was so generally enjoyed.

As Westtowners of the past twenty years will remember, there is at one corner of the pond an outlet, the visible part of which is a vertical box of plank. This extends from the bottom of the pond to above the level of the bank. Near the top it is open on one side so that the height of the water may be regulated, and the overflow escape

through the box. At the bottom this vertical box is connected with a horizontal one that forms a chute through the embankment. At the inner end of the chute a short board served as a valve, which was removed when the pond was to be emptied. This was done on Seventh-days, and fresh water was run in on First-day, when it could be best spared from the race.

After we had been enjoying this afternoon's swim for the usual time, the bell rang for us to come out of the water, and the valve was opened to empty the pond. Two or three boys lingered about the outlet, trying the force of the escaping current by lowering themselves into it. Suddenly the cry arose that a small boy had been sucked down. All rushed to the spot. What should we do? The chute was barely large enough to permit the passage of the boy's body under the most favorable circumstances; and we feared he had stuck fast where we could not reach him. But some of the larger boys began at once to dive into the vortex in hopes of finding him at the bottom, and soon Ed. B—— emerged and announced that he had, as he thought, got hold of the boy's heel, but had been unable to pull him up. This was a clue to his whereabouts, but what to do was still hard to determine. At such times moments lengthen into hours. Our suspense became dreadful. The face of every boy in the group must have presented a striking contrast to the expression of jollity that prevailed a few minutes before. Hope began to leave us. Could he be alive? But just then someone cried, "There he is!" and his body shot out into the tumultuous waters at the mouth of the chute. It was quickly seized and carried up the bank, and we gathered sadly round the governor, as he tried to resuscitate him. Consciousness was entirely gone, but life might still be there. Yes; it was. That was a groan; water escaped from the mouth with coughing; breathing was resumed; and soon our little friend was able to tell us of his experience and sensations.

When he found the downward current too strong for him, he seized a beam to escape being drawn into the chute. This he held on to, until the diver pulled him loose. At that time he had just enough of consciousness left to hold his arms straight beside him, as he was swept into the chute, feet first; and that was the last thing he remembered. Fortunately, his oblivion was short; but, so far as sensation goes, he had had full experience of being drowned. Soon after "coming to" he was able to return to the school; and in a short time he had recovered from all evil effects. As for the rest of us, our boyish minds quickly rebounded from the brief sadness and gloom, and with lightened hearts we scattered on our various ways "over the farm."

Of those dark shadows cast by wilful wrong-doing and sin we need not speak. The years passed at Westtown came at a time of life when all impressions are deep, and the lights and shades of feeling most marked. As has been said, the deaths at the school have produced a profound sadness; partly for this reason. So, when we remember those who seemed to us, at the time, very wicked, we may be surprised to find how lightly the world outside those old brick walls would have esteemed the crime. We took delight, perhaps, in what we should scarcely care for now, and as the joys seemed very bright, so correspondingly dark seemed the sorrows of our school days.

CHAPTER XI.

LONG AGO.

OF the very earliest days of Westtown we do not know much beyond the facts relating to the purchase of the farm, erection of buildings, etc. The daily life in its details we know only by some traditions which have reached us, and a few extracts from the records of the Committee. An interested member of the Westtown Historical Committee did, however, make a point of obtaining the recollections of old people, wherever it was possible to do so, and told the editor that it was pleasant, even when not much of value was communicated, to see the interest which the mention of the long past days at school excited.

We may quote from W. W. Dewees's "History of Westtown Boarding School," for the benefit of those who have not seen it, an account of the purchase of the farm. The Committee does not seem to have been unanimous in the selection of a site for the institution, some favoring the purchase of a tract of land on the Neshaminy Creek, some miles below Bristol, and some, it is said, other situations. A delegation had been appointed to view the proposed situation, and

decide the question. "After visiting several places, they expressed themselves in favor of selecting the farm of James Gibbons, in Westtown township, Chester County, as the one in all respects best adapted to the purpose. This land, about six hundred acres in extent, was accordingly purchased. The amount paid James Gibbons was £6,083, 6s, 8d. ($16,222.22.) A small sum was expended to obtain the entire water power of Chester Creek. This was accomplished by buying the adjoining farm on the west side, and selling it with the reservation of the entire water privilege. At the time of purchase only a small portion of the farm had been cleared; not only that which is timbered at the present day, but much of that which has since been brought under cultivation, was then covered by a dense growth of forest trees, of a size and age now represented by a few trees in the 'South Woods.' Near the present site of the farm house stood the dwelling known in those days as the 'mansion house.' This was repaired, and soon after occupied. Edward Churchman was the first tenant. Preparations were at once made for erecting a saw mill. This was completed by the end of the year 1795, and afforded the means of preparing the lumber to be used for future buildings."

The site of the main building was next chosen, and succeeding generations have had reason to thank those early Committee Friends for their selection. "The eminence north of the mansion house" was found the best spot for the *new* Westtown, as it had been for the old. The bricks for the building were made upon the farm, for suitable clay, as well as building stone and lumber, was close at hand. Three years were consumed in completing the building, but, as W. W. Dewees has remarked, "It must be remembered that builders had not then all the modern facilities at their command, and material was not to be had in a complete state of preparation at short notice. Those of the Committee who resided in or near Philadelphia (a sub-committee of ten

had the oversight of the building operations) had a carriage or horse-back ride of twenty miles in order to reach the scene of their labors."

Of the interior life of Weston, as it was called then, and for some years afterwards, we have gleaned a few scraps, and some extracts from the rules for the government of the pupils may be of interest.

"2d. That at the ringing of the bell you repair to the gallery, and stand in your places at the call of the roll. You are then to walk orderly into the schoolroom, taking your seats without noise, and endeavor to sit still until, by an intimation from one of the teachers, the exercises of the school are ordered to begin."

"3d. You are to manifest a becoming deportment toward your teachers and one another. In school you are to refrain from laughing, talking, whispering, or making a noise with your feet, learning your lessons in silence, and when you repeat them to your masters or mistresses that you speak audibly, slowly and distinctly."

"5th. That, during the hours of recreation, you observe moderation and decency in all your conduct, that you avoid quarreling, throwing sticks, stones or snow-balls, striking or vexing one another, calling nick-names, or mocking the aged or deformed. You are not to cut any trees in the wood or elsewhere, nor are the boys to indulge in the dangerous practice of climbing trees."

It will be seen, from Rule 2d, that the galleries were used as collecting rooms, and the children stood during collection. The first improvement upon this plan was the use of rooms on the first floor, furnished with benches without backs. In our day the little wooden chairs, joined by a strip across the bottom from one to the other,

were looked upon as relics of a past age, a few of them being scattered about the premises and used for seats in the play shed, or under the trees in the bounds. And it is certainly a long way from those first benches without backs (quite restful, let us hope, after standing collections) to the present accommodations of the Westtown scholars in this respect.

Apropos of the rule forbidding boys to climb trees, we may quote the following description of the girls bounds, from one of the Historical Committee's papers. It would seem, from the account of the apple trees, that that prohibition might have been extended to the other side of the house.

The bounds in 1807 are thus described: "The girls' yard extended down to about the lower end of the present shed (this article was written a generation ago), beyond which was a vegetable garden surrounded by a fence of painted boards. Just on the western edge of the bounds stood a little summer-house. Entering the garden about the middle of the east side, you would have found a path running away from the entrance across the enclosure, and another intersecting it at right angles just at the gate, and keeping around the borders of the garden. It was a common saying in those days that three times around the garden and once across it made a mile. In the lower part stood a row of eight apple trees—a source of enjoyment to the girls, of uneasiness to the teachers, because those trees would bear green apples, and because the girls amused themselves with climbing them. One, who was a very active little girl (in 1809), relates how they were not content with merely climbing up, but tried also to climb across from one tree to another, a hazardous experiment, sometimes accomplished safely, but in one instance giving our active friend a proof that girls as well as apples were subject to the laws of gravity. Some flowers were cultivated in this garden, but its

most important office was to raise cabbages and other vegetables for the table."

"On the south side of the school buildings," the description continues, "was also a garden, surrounded by a pale fence, and it seems to have been mainly devoted to the culture of flowers. At the east end, the boys, we are told, had a plot for their use. On the east end of the old barn the boys played fives, and other games of ball."

On the farther, that is the south side, of this garden, and beyond the road which ran along its southern edge, there stood at first an unbroken woods, but in the year 1800 "an avenue was ordered to be made to promote freer circulation of air, besides trimming unsightly trees and cutting away underbrush." (Minutes of Committee.)

On the north side of the lane, near the house, was then, as now, a piece of woodland, in which the boys had their burrows and cabins where they kept their stores of nuts, etc. Further down the lane, on the north side, was an orchard. The house at the end of the lane did not come into possession of the school until the year 1811, when it was discovered that a store was probably to be set up in it.

On the south side of the lane were two houses, as now; — the most eastern put up very soon after the commencement of the school "for the accommodation of one of the tutors," the minutes state, "on a plan the most economical that could with convenience be adopted." And economical we certainly judge it to be, when we find it was scarcely one-half the size of the present building, having two small rooms on each floor. The "tutor" who was thus "accommodated" was, we are credibly informed, that very master, John Forsythe, whose arrival at the school on horseback has been already chronicled. He was an able teacher, long remembered at the school, and it is said that Enoch Lewis once remarked that a man with James Emlen's gentleness and John Forsythe's *life* would make "a perfect teacher."

The minutes of the Committee also give the manner in which the other building originated:—"9th mo. 19, 1800. Our women friends, being sensibly affected with observing the inconvenience to which the sick are exposed in the apartments allotted to them for their use in the present building, have proposed and been encouraged in the prospect to raise by subscription, chiefly among the well disposed of their own sex, a sum of money sufficient to create a convenient building for an Infirmary, at a suitable distance from the main house."

(Some of us who were at Westtown not long ago can recall hearing this building still spoken of by old scholars as "the Infirmary," though the detached buildings which were used as nurseries so long as the old building stood were then in use.)

Some "constitutional rules," describing the proposed management of the school, were brought forward to the Yearly Meeting, held near the close of 9th mo., 1796, and some extracts have been quoted by W. W. Dewees as follows:

"That spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, and bookkeeping shall be taught in the different schools, and such other useful branches of learning as the circumstances of the pupils may require, and the state of the Institution shall permit."

"That the board and lodging of the children shall be plain and frugal, without distinction, except in cases of sickness."

"That boys and girls be accommodated in separate apartments, under care of separate tutors."

"That no tutors, assistants, or domestics be retained in the Institution whose deportment is not sober and exemplary."

"That no children shall be taken in under the age of eight years, nor entered for less than one year."

"That if children are sent with clothing not sufficiently plain as

to color, or which shall require washing, it shall be returned; but if the make only be exceptionable, it shall be altered, and the expense charged."

The tailors' bills must have been no small item where much had to be made at the school, and we can but wonder if the parents came out when new clothes were to be made, and helped in the choice of material, or whether that was the duty of some teachers. Probably, however, the coats and breeches were of very much the same kind of cloth, and there was not much variety in the girls' gowns. How entirely some of the articles they wore have gone out of use! It would puzzle a boy of this time to know just what a "coattee" was, and a "vandyke" might be equally puzzling, did we not turn to Webster's dictionary and find it defined as an "indented and scalloped cape for the neck, worn by females."

Some one has thus described the early Westtown girl's dress: "Take a girl of the present, put a cap on her head and a vandyke round her neck, cut off the sleeves of her dress to about the elbow, and you approach the style of 1800."

Ah, those caps! How the gallery used to resound with the clapping of hands accompanying their clear-starching, of a Seventh-day morning! We have heard of that. And some of us recall the story told in "Grandmother Smith's" account of her Westtown days,—how she and a lively comrade happened one day to be leaning pretty far out of a window overlooking the boys' yard, when a sudden gust of wind took her cap from her head, and sent it flying down among the boys; whereupon a saucy youth clapped it upon his head, and though it was afterwards returned to her, she never wore it, but reminded the boy of his prank when they were both grown older and more sober—years after it happened.

"Grandmother Smith" also gave some account of the Westtown offices of her day, which we quote from the narrative.

"The office of monitor then existed, but was a much more responsible position than at present. Such a person took names for misconduct, acting as a kind of overseer or agent for the teachers, for there was no governess at that time. It was a great honor to be a monitor. Sometimes they 'sat up,' sometimes they ate at the teachers' table, as a reward."

"Then," Grandmother said, "there was a great deal of writing done in those days." "Writing?" was queried, "What did they write for?" "For offices," said Grandmother. Still it was unintelligible. "Why," she said, "they chose every week from those that wrote, room-keepers, sweepers, officers of various kinds." So it seems the offices were the rewards of good penmanship, or composition, it was not discovered which. (Our surprise that this change was made weekly was equaled by hers that it was not still the case.)

One feature of the early stages of Westtown's existence was, that the pupils were expected to have much of the care of the household arrangements, and do what has since been left to servants. At one time the girls swept the gallery, collecting-room and teacher's rooms, and took care of the whale-oil lamps, "which was an unsavory duty," says a Friend who remembers it; and who recalls one girl who "always smelled of whale oil." Scraping the candlesticks was another task which was not enjoyed.

The boys, perhaps, felt that they were doing their share when they carried up the milk from the dairy in cans. But it was more the custom for children to do such work at home in those days, and there was always the chance of doing it in a social way, and with more or less "fun" thrown in.

Indeed it is a striking fact that even those who mention the hard-

ships and inconveniences of the past as compared with the present, do not seem inclined to magnify them, but say, in effect: "We were happy in spite of them." The boys and girls of the present, who have every reason to enjoy their life in the New Westtown, must not imagine that none of their enjoyments were felt by the boys and girls of long ago.

CHAPTER XI.

CRUMBS.

CRUMBS recalls to the mind of an old Westtown scholar a certain savory but rather mysterious dish which appeared upon the dinner table on Fifth-days. It was quite popular, in our time, in spite of some dark hints about "the boys' old crusts," which were thrown out by discontented spirits. Certainly bits of bread could be used in that way which would otherwise have been wasted.

And so, in this chapter, we set before our readers the interesting bits of information about Westtown life which have not seemed to find a place in other chapters.

Among these are some extracts from the portfolio of the Historical Committee, and we will place first upon the list an article referring to the offices held by pupils at Westtown.

"Without much doubt the system is, in some sense, a remnant of manual labor ideas which had some footing here in early times. But a dozen years ago the exchange currency with which compensation was made for many minor services was *pie*. How this came in fashion the writer will not say, but so it was; so much labor, so much *pie*. Possibly the services once required or necessitated the absence of these officers from a regular meal, and *pie* was the substitute. Or possibly there was no more mysterious origin than the general fact that Westtown boys could be hired most easily by this method."

A list of the officers is then given, which we briefly recapitulate, since, already, the names of some of them fall with a strange sound on the ear of one accustomed only to the phraseology of New Westtown. First among the offices stands that of HOSTLERS.

"This has always been an honorable appointment, and carries with it the privilege of "sitting up" till near 10 P. M. Appointments are made for the session, usually two for each teacher owning or using a horse. Their duties are now confined to hitching up and unhitching the horses. A dozen years ago they were expected to keep the carriage washed also, and really zealous hostlers thus came in for a goodly share of work. For manifest reasons farmers' boys are most likely to be chosen for this appointment.

"MONITORS used to be next in importance. When the long tables were in use before the dining rooms were made one, all the provision for each table was kept at the upper end, and two trusty boys sat at the right and left of the teacher to deal it out. These appointments were changed monthly, and the reward was the privilege of sitting up all the week, excepting Seventh- and First-day nights. There were recognized and well-understood differences however. The monitors on the first table, having to handle the food for the smallest thirty boys, were thought to have more work than others, and sat up all the week. Fourth-table monitors always carried up the Sixth-day boxes from the north door, and distributed them to the two sides of the house."

The author adds that now (1884) the whole system of monitors has undergone much modification, and that "carvers" would be now their appropriate title.

BATH-ROOM KEEPERS stand next in order and "are looked upon as important officers." They sit up, and "formerly had a pie on Seventh-days."

ROOM KEEPERS, perhaps, had this article been written "on the

other side," might have come earlier in the list. Among the boys the office "is valued rather by those who desire a place to study, and the companionship of their immediate friends. They are supposed (?) to dust the room at times, and have a general oversight of the black-boards, etc., but do not sweep." (The well-worn wrapper, and the "sweeping-cap" of many a girl, would have told a different tale as regards the room keepers of women teachers; and never were dinners more thoroughly enjoyed than those to which the weary maidens sat down at "second table" on Seventh-day noons.)

Of LIGHT KEEPERS there were three, one of whom attended to the lights in the chamber, and "must rise betimes in the morning, and light up, so that people may see to dress." Two others cared for the lights about collecting-room and galleries.

The BELL RINGER was "sometimes regarded as an officer, with the usual 'sitting up' privilege."

CLOTHES CARRIERS "make several trips to the laundry during the week for or with baskets of clothes belonging to teachers, nursery, etc. Formerly they were made happy by one-fourth of an apple pie per week to each boy. At a later date they were allowed to sit up two nights per week; now (at the time this article was written) they are on an equality with the other officers."

The office of SHED SWEEPER is now extinct. "It was a doubtful kind of office at best, usually went to volunteers, and was rewarded by ninety degrees of pie to each boy." The SHED SWEEPERS cared for the play-shed in the days before the new building was erected.

Other small offices are mentioned, among them that of assisting the governor in handling out ice cream "during the period when hucksters were not encouraged in the boys' bounds, and the governor acted as ice cream dealer." These two boys were "without title, but with very definite duties," and "secured their dishes free."

"The Boys' First-day Library was instituted about 1870, and the person in charge of this has usually held it as a standing office. Case keepers, in the library proper, can hardly be called officers. Their only compensation is the almost unrestricted use of the books."

"At present," the article concludes, "something like thirty-five officers are under appointment, with the privilege of 'sitting up.'"

On this subject:

"Never in my life have I held, at one time, so many offices as I did at Westtown," says one of our contributors, whose life since his Westtown days has not been devoid of honors.

"It is true," he goes on, "there was no pecuniary profit connected with them, and, some cavilers might say, but little honor. I did not think so. Among the seven which I held, one was the duty—rather, should I say, the privilege—of taking the girls' mended shoes, when they came from the shoemaker, to their side of the house. A great honor indeed! For there was a very thick wall then separating one side of the house from the other. I had no cousins on the girls' side to meet, as other boys had, though if I had known how some of them were to marry I might have claimed a prospective relationship. And so I took great pleasure in carrying over those mended shoes for distribution."

An interesting article contains the following:

FIRES AT WESTTOWN.—A slight fire occurred about the year 1809 in the girls' arithmetical room (afterward the family parlor), by means of a defective flue which communicated the fire to the joists overhead. It smouldered, for some time apparently, until the opening of a door caused it to break into an active flame. This was before the girls' wing had been erected—that is, the wall west of No. 20 was the end

of the building. Most of the girls, at the moment, were in the chamber, and some one, probably desiring to keep them out of the way while the fire was being extinguished, and knowing besides that in case of an emergency they could go down to the other end of the house, turned the key on them. They promptly broke a panel from the door, and crawled out, one at a time. The fire was extinguished, but not before it had burned some space in the ceiling of the room.

It was after this fire that a night watchman was first engaged, who was to patrol the building hourly while the people slept. Fire buckets also were procured, and have since been a regular part of the furniture of the place.

About the year 1837 there was another fire, still more alarming in extent. At that time the building (now its full size) was still covered with shingles. The observatory on top, instead of the single small platform, as afterward, was then a walk of considerable length down nearer the eaves. At midday fire started on the roof near the centre of the building, presumably from a spark from the chimney. It made some headway before it was discovered. At first there was something of a panic. Our present carpenter, Alexander Speakman, was then an apprentice to the school carpenter. He relates that he undertook to carry two buckets of water upstairs, but collided with a boy, who, full of the instinct of preservation, was rapidly descending the stairs backward, dragging his trunk after him. The trunk, the water and the two men fell to the landing below; the latter fortunately escaping unhurt.

Soon, however, the pupils organized a temporary fire brigade. A line of boys on their steps, and girls on theirs, passed vessels of water to the point of danger. . . . So rapidly did the water arrive, after the workers were fairly organized, that several men were kept busily engaged in pouring it on the flames. Tradition says that even the

girls did efficient service by passing their wash-basins up to the top of the house, but this is probably only an evidence of their willingness to do their duty. Shallow basins passed by excited hands to the fifth floor presumably would not contain much water. Be that as it may, the fire was extinguished after it had made a considerable hole in the roof, and burned down to the ceiling of the boys' chamber.

After this, for thirty odd years, no fire of any importance occurred, and the slate roofs, the water tanks in the attic and the arrangements for attaching hose, contributed to give a feeling of increased security.

The Fourth month of 1868 witnessed the next fire. It was on the evening of Fourth-day, in the first week in vacation. Free use will be made of the names of those who were present. Dubré Knight, the late Superintendent, died suddenly in the Second month preceding. Joseph and Hannah Snowdon had been present during the closing weeks of the term, but now the matron, Jane W. Knight, was the only general officer present at the school.

The Boys' Bath House in those days stood much nearer the nursery than at present, and the passage to the play shed was by a door at the lower end of the gallery opening into a passage way between the bath-house and the boys' outer buildings. Over the door which opened into this passage was a gas-burner, and near the door on the outside a box cupboard. Just here, either in connection with the burner, or the *débris* of the cupboard, the fire originated, no one knows how. It was first discovered by the carpenter, Alexander Speakman, who was delayed in bringing a load of lumber from West Chester, and with one of the hired men saw the light when about unhitching their team at the barn. The alarm was quickly given. Lyman Page, the baker, and his wife, Lucy, kept the bell ringing. It was after the usual supper time, and the continuance of the bell ringing soon brought David J. Scott from the stone house on the lane, Lewis

Forsythe from the frame house, and Elisha Roberts with the farm hands, from the Farm House. The people at Pierce's farm saw the light, and supposing Alexander Speakman was at his home, they sent thither to warn him. . . .

Meanwhile those at the spot were by no means idle. The fire spread rapidly to the bath-house, play-shed, and lower end of the gallery. Attention was early given to the hose attachments in the chambers, but neither coil was sufficient of itself to reach the fire. With some loss of time, two pieces were joined, and connection made from the centre of the main building, out upon the roof of the boys' gallery, and thence to the scene of the fire. Then the fire began to burn off pipes in the boys' bath-house, allowing torrents of water to escape. Fear was felt lest the tank should be emptied in this way, and the carpenter ran much personal risk in reaching the main stop so as to cut off the water from that system of pipes.

After fighting the flames for some time, it became apparent that the fire was gaining. Little by little it was eating its way along the gallery, and that structure was admirably fitted to act as a suction pipe for carrying the fire immediately to the main building. Plainly the situation was one of imminent peril. Evan Smith, a colored man, the efficient and courteous hostler of that time, was sent to West Chester for aid, and some of the citizens of that place started to pull their steam fire-engine by hand to Westtown. Lewis Forsythe, the book-keeper, having little faith in the fire-proof qualities of the safe in the office, proceeded to remove the most valuable of the books and papers therefrom. Friends of Westtown had a sickening feeling of despair, as they saw that the efforts of the workmen seemed utterly inadequate to the task of arresting the flames. Still, as the progress of the flames was not rapid, more than one turned to the boys' gallery as the key to the situation. By a happy intuition, the men were

led to chop the gallery in two, as it were, some feet ahead of the fire; and the counter current of air thus admitted stopped the suction toward the main building; and this fact, coupled with the increasing activity of the people collected, caused the flames to cease almost before actually reaching the cut. Thenceforward the hose was used to play upon the face of the nursery to prevent its taking fire, and the bath-house and play-shed were left to burn. It will be remembered that the present boys' school building had not then been erected, and the play-shed was bounded on the east by a stone wall.

Our narrative left the West Chester fire company on the road toward Westtown. The carriage road in those days was by Milltown and over Walnut Hill. At the base of the hill near the northeast corner of the farm, the firemen were brought to a stop, being unable, from fatigue and the weight of their engine, to drag it up the hill. Here they were met by the information that the fire was under control. Some of the men came on to the scene of the fire, and the school sent two horses to pull the engine back to West Chester. The Committee afterward subscribed fifty dollars to the funds of the fire company, in acknowledgment of their willingness to help in an emergency.

No person was seriously injured during the fire, although several experienced narrow escapes. David J. Scott had an ugly fall at the lower end of the gallery, and Lewis Speakman was commended for his daring and usefulness. At one time the latter was standing on one of the bathroom partitions, playing a stream of water on the nursery, when the partition gave way beneath him. Below, the charred remains of the fallen roof were still glowing hot, and he sprang to the next partition, five or six feet distant, which likewise gave way, and he was with difficulty assisted from the place before he sustained injury.

The loss caused by the fire was fully covered by insurance; and when the parts were rebuilt, the bath-house was pushed farther north.

One branch of Westtown's course of study for girls has been almost forgotten, or would have been but for the account of the sewing-school which has been written, and from which these paragraphs are taken:—

The sewing-room was an important feature of the Westtown of our grandmothers. "At that time, or even later," says an account which has been written of Westtown sewing-school, sewing was generally taught in girls' schools over the country; it was a special recommendation to a teacher that she could make a handsome sampler—at times that was the main object in attending school.

The room which later Westtowners knew as the Family Parlor, is supposed to have been the first sewing-school, and instruction in sewing must have begun with the school, for in a year or two after that time "plain sewing was taught, together with knitting and darning—the latter on large holes which had to be darned with neatness and care."

In 1815 we are told that "two weeks out of six were passed by the little girls in the sewing-room, no matter what their proficiency in the art." At the close of the two weeks, they were shifted to the arithmetical room, where they pursued the ordinary branches for four weeks, when they again took their places under the sewing-teacher. "While here they make shirts—but no fancy work except darning and samplers, with their various stitches."

By the time another fifteen years had passed away, only those who desired to, received instruction in the sewing room . . . and one afternoon in the week was given to it. . . . In 1833 the west wing of the main building was added, and one of the two little rooms at the north side of the collecting-room, No. 23 by name, was devoted to the fine art of sewing, and continued to be so for a number of years, probably until the apartments became part of the present collecting-room.

A specimen of the handiwork produced has been presented to the Historical Committee, and is preserved in its portfolio.

EXTRACT.

When beauty's charms decay, as soon they must,
And all its glories humbled in the dust,
The virtuous mind, beyond the reach of time,
Shall ever blossom in a happier clime,
Whose never-fading joy no tongue can tell,
Where everlasting youth and beauty dwell;
Where pain and sorrow never more shall move,
But all is pleasure, harmony and love.

MARY B. COPE.

WESTON, 1812.

The above is worked in black silk upon fine canvas, a single thread of which is taken up at each stitch, to form the letters. It is framed by a quaint running vine (also in black), the leaves of which are worked in "satin stitch."

"The new Westtown (1885) may boast of its finely-equipped gymnasium,—we hope it will,—but old Westtown finds pleasant memories and present enjoyments in the girls' play-shed, and many uses for it. It is about seventy-eight feet long by twenty-eight feet wide, having an unbroken north wall, and sunshine pouring through its southern sashes and open doors; a high window at its west end, and a high door reached by steps at its southwest corner. In the northeast corner is the 'box cupboard,' partially filled with hammocks, barrels, pieces of sled, and old croquet arches.

"As furniture in the girls' shed, we can enumerate a table, desks, boxes filled with the watchman's hoarded papers, greater boxes, once containing minerals, a coal bin, coal scuttles, and the Fleetwing, Snowbound, and Phantom. Amongst and over all is no inconsiderable

quantity of ancient and modern dust, which finds many occasions for wavering to and fro, settling and resettling.

"Look into the apartment some rainy day after school, and you may witness some one, two, three, or four of the following diversions, viz., parlor croquet on the mineral box, roller-skating, hop-scotch, jumping rope, prisoners' base, hindmost of three, tennis, catch,—or possibly (also) a ball too big and black to be mistaken for a tennis ball is rolling and flying and bouncing here and there, to the discomfiture of the sober couples and trios who attempt a promenade, and a confidential talk.

"But other glances reveal some evidences of design in regard to the amusements to be carried on in the shed. Depending from the ridge of the roof, and running from end to end, are a number of vertical rods, each with a hole in its lower end, through which a rope passes. The rods run lower at the east end than at the west. Spying amongst the rafters, and on top of the north wall, you will see a bean bag or so, lodged there, perhaps years ago, after its flight over the rope. Here is a dumb-bell rolling around,—here some smooth and polished wands,—and there some equally well-finished rings, lying neglected in the dust under the desk. On the south side of the apartment is a platform with a black-board behind it, suggesting work to be done, while on the smooth yellow pine floor, at the distances of three and four feet apart, are painted white angles, not quite 90°."

This excellent sketch of "the shed" and its contents will recall it to the minds of the girls who took calisthenics, practiced "the Westtown skip," cracked nuts, or enjoyed strolls within its walls.

One contributor, whose interest in nature's beauties has been unflagging through many years, says, speaking of Westtown, "It was

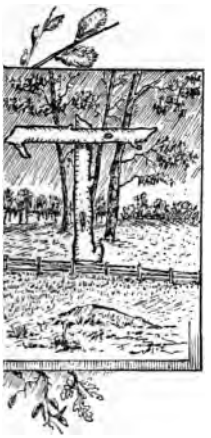
always good ground for botanists,—many curious and beautiful plants were found within its precincts, and one need go no further than the old South woods to stock a box for the afternoon class. The fine old shell-bark trees have been an attraction for the boys of all generations —and many of the smaller wild animals abounded in the woods until lately. Owls were plentiful in our fathers' days—hooting dismally in the twilight,—and causing little city children to nestle closer to older bed-fellows, at their early bed-time.

"Westtown girls have been called *sentimental* of late years, but they may console themselves with the idea that it is a weakness common to all generations. We were told, not long since, of a certain "Aunty" who kept, carefully folded away, through the course of a long lifetime, a cape worn at Westtown, and stained by the tears shed over her by her friends upon parting."

Having no chapter on Westtown humor, we may tell here the story of a boy who handed his teacher a torn book, with the remark "Master E., this ought to be 'bound over—to keep the piece,'" (peace).

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE SPOT.



HE editor's plea for the reminiscences of old Westtowners met with a favorable reception in one direction, but it was qualified by the remark, "I shall have to go out there before I write anything. I must be on the spot before the reminiscences come."

As a proof that they did come when our friend reached his destination, we subjoin the letter which was duly received by the editor.

Seventh month, 1888.

R EDITOR:

This minute (10.30 A.M.) I sat down 'neath the ash trees of Cape kout—sat me down because I could go no further without giving : vent to the much that I have felt and seen during the walk hither ı Street Road, *via* a thousand wayside reminiscences.

To-day I would fulfil the promises of many yesterdays; chief ıg which is the one made to thee, regarding "auld lang syne" at 3. S., and so have reclined on historic sod to ruminate a little.

The weather (pardon the allusion, but so much seems to depend : now in harvest time), the weather, I would say, is itself a summer ration, — cool, electric, as if emanating direct from invisible l-capped summits, and, coupled as it is with this environment of

green and blue, the new red building at my back and the old red in heaped ruins at my feet,—no wonder I could go no further without one word by way of relief.

Walnut Hill is my Ultima Thule, but as yet we must have faith that somewhere beyond the leafy wall that screens me from the north, a trace of its former everlastingness may yet remain. One earthward look anywhere around here gives me distressing doubts as to the indestructibility of matter, and I argue, in view of some recent developments, that the eternal hills are liable, at any hour, to skip like lambs, as in patriarchal times. This very moment I am perched on the brink of a newly-made grave, which is destined in due course to enclose the earthly remains of our *Alma Mater*.

This appears to have become such an everyday occurrence that, save myself, no one goes thither to mourn any more. Indeed, the spot is avoided like any potter's field! Vanity of vanities!

But I must flee. The grand west-end piazza is getting too lively, and I am reminded that this, my errand, should have nought to do with art, or anything of man's device, or (apart from thine) with woman's either, but with Nature. Lifting my eyes above all this, and beyond to the tree-tops, I hie me quickly down past the site of the old orchard, and, quitting the road, all heedless of a siren whistle from the Cape, now plunge into the woods on the right. Should thou, friend Editor, ever come to the old place again, just please to turn in here at the first corner, and on this self-same bisected barrel take a seat. Then picture me, a menad-driven man-soul, perched upon his tub, penciling on the blank leaf of a University Commencement invitation, and, underlying all, an ancient translation of the Sorrows of Werter. . . What a fright I have had! A red-eyed vireo had begun to converse with me from this overhanging beech, when—O, what profanity assailed my ears! from the region of bricks it came, and, as later

proved, from the lips of a demoniac steam whistle. But soft, this *might* offend some utilitarian spirit, with his or her nineteenth-century reasons. I look at my watch; 't is quarter before twelve; so don't come here at quarter of twelve, ye seekers after sentiment. . . No, nor at twelve either; it has shrieked again, reminding me of a promise to dine at the Farm House.

One almost dreads to hear the next robin sing, lest it reveal a like evolutionary tendency,—so counter to our old ideas of symphony, so devoid of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

2 P. M. Here I am in the woods again; those nearest the school, where art has made best compromise with her artless rival. Must I say that I have dined? Rather would I speak, if only by way of suggestion, of my dessert in the back yard of the old manor, and the after-dinner *tete-à-tete* with unforgotten feathered friends, many of whose grandparents and I were boys together, humanly speaking.

Think of that, editor; and how that I, the ill-conditioned stripling of long ago, now stood peaceably in Christian, poetic guise among the innocents whose brothers and sisters, in the form of eggs, experienced a prenatal transmigration and immortality at my hands!

Having bade these farewell, I come back here to renew a former companionship, and to thank thee for a hundred *spirituelle* reminders that spring, like forget-me-nots, along the by-ways of memory.

Leave now the trodden ramble to find me resting on this chestnut stump, the only thing that reminds me of the ways of men hereabout. Seated as I am, even that distraction to reverie may be forgot, and forms and faces, old yet ever new, already throng around me, until I quickly find myself holding a reception.

Humbly suppliant, the scutellaria and white pyrolas glance up and down among the clustering maiden-hair. How persistent the advances of that indigo bird, the insatiable fellow that made earliest salutation

when I entered his reception bower, and now, not content, he must shake hands.

Not so bold is the "curtsey" of that little Acadian flycatcher from his beechen hermitage, or the "weechy, weechy," of bashful Kentucky warblers among the tangle; and even the red-eyes have assumed a mock modesty, and air their ceaseless noonday gossip at most magnificent distances.

Alackaday! A song with a pointed moral. Again must thy wanderer flee to the tune of a bayonet charge. Till another stump beguile me, fare thee better.

3 P. M. The lines have fallen in pleasant places once more, and, far from maddening crowds and madder mosquitoes, I lay here my lazy length along. Let me explain that as yet I am on historic ground, and at rest on a dead, uprooted tree, that lies prostrate by the foot of its twin fellow.

Dost remember that high knoll at the end of Walnut Hill, overlooking the Old Dam? Resting here, and gazing round, the many voices of memory become so garrulous as to quite overcome me. The valley of Chester Creek were enough in its narrowest limits to suggest a book of reminiscences, but, perched here, how all is multiplied! Yon wood across the creek, and that meadow stretching southward beyond the line fence, have a peculiar significance, for when last I knew them they were "out of bounds."

The awful, joyous thrill that nerved me on many an occasion there, revives again so forcibly I nearly roll off the log. I can see the homeward path which I trod one day across the meadow after a fearful tooth-and-nail encounter with a coon, which we found in the forks of a dead tree on yonder bank of the creek.

Wonderful, cat-surpassing, was that coon's tenacity of life. In a far back number of the *American Naturalist* thou may read of it,

—how two short-range volleys from the "blunderbuss" (save a violent twitching of the skin) moved him not; how a third, with cannon-like recoil, precipitated both game and gamester, the one into the waters, and the other upon the bank of the creek. I think I see that self-same tree now, prostrate on the creek bottom. Of the coon I would not say much, save that its skin brought me seventy-five cents in the West Chester market, plus five weeks detention in the Westtown pound, besides sedentary hours too tedious to mention.

By the way, that little bluff at the woods' end (*sub rosa*) used to be a grand retreat for chats' nests, and many a contemporary bird-secret. And there, too, strange to say, three of us did some of our first partridge-shooting,—of a harmless sort, however, productive only of smoke and tell-tale noise, save that on one occasion a bunch of feathers were brought to bag with the victorious remark, "I told you it was no fault of mine; the old buss is no good." Nevertheless, most rare was our attachment to old Bussie, and many's the time we gave her "kiss for blow," not knowing but that her next would prove final.

It was impossible to linger long in this spot without a thought of our egg-collecting adventures. I say "our," for we were legion, despite all sumptuary laws and abolition. A beech tree over there by the old dam recalls many hard feelings on the part of some, because of a blue jay's nest that everybody seemed to have first discovered. A little farther up stream a like experience had well nigh set two rival naturalists by the ears for life. It is a relief to turn back from these, and bury one's self in the wide oblivion of Walnut Hill. Hark! Ah, raptures, the old brazen bell! It tolls for afternoon meeting. Melodious counterpart of the old oaken bucket! Praise the fates, O school-fellows, that one tongue remains to speak in familiar accents!

One tongue, say I? Nay, more. Myriad throats do yet repeat the lessons that so many first learned here. It is no falsetto which the

winds waft hither. Like Fortunatus, I don the lucky cap, and, wishing it, the *Ave* of a wood-thrush floats me by, while a mourning dove, nothing loth, plaints earnestly overhead from the blasted tree-top.

All nature would put me in her debt to-day. Even the thrasher and mocking-wren have prolonged the season, and sing on, as if it were for somebody's peculiar whim. Can it be for mine?

But hold. Was I not, ere that sudden rhapsody from the old sabbatic bell, about to bestride good Pegasus for higher heights? Ho then, for Walnut Hill. . . .

I've been oh-ing like a very girl in her teens since the last departure, wishing from soulful depths for the many happy returns of to-day's experience. What unbounded surprises are mine this moment! Think of it! how five years ago this very spot was one of axe- and fire-swept desolation. My last errand here was in breathless, half-despairing chase of a Carolina wren that flitted and tittered from brush-pile to stump, and tripped me over fallen logs and post-piles, until a random shot from "Bussie" made end. But now, O perennial mystery! a wilderness of verdure encompasses my path, and sweet bird-voices tell me how all I see is not a leafy dream, but fair reality.

There is infinite consolation for me in such a scene, when I remember how I had bade adieu forever to the towering wood that in earlier school-days crowned it, had writ my Jeremiad thereon and read it in the compo. class to sympathizing mates, and, in short, had mourned over its fallen greatness as one without hope.

To one who lists nature's teaching, the spiritual reality of the undying life mostly becomes an irresistible conviction as time adds to experience and the ceaseless activities of the Eternal force upon the soul a sense of its own immortality.

It is five o'clock, and I would, kind Editor, return by way of other haunts. The prince of thrushes calls me on. Adieu.

But soft; let me pluck this wayside rose for memento. There, in sweet Sorrows of Werter, it lies embalmed.

I am continually reminded of my sins on this south slope, for here was a goodly haunt to use our sling-shots (or slap-jacks) unseen. Thou may remember how "sis" used to conceal mine for me on suspicious occasions, until the gubernatorial inquisitory was overpast. What a by-word has the name "sling-shot" become! Than it no other more potent to resurrect in me dear, yet awful memories. But I must on. . . Five-thirty P. M. finds me at the race bridge just below the race's confluence with Hickman's Run. Here I saw, ten or fifteen years ago, my first bridge-pewee's nest, and going to the other near by, a sudden stamping on the bridge planks causes, as if by magic, an exact reproduction of ye olden picture, with Mrs. Pewee acting the triple office of rope-dancer, fly-catcher, and watchful mother, sitting on that bough, meanwhile, as unconcernedly as if life depended solely on catching flies. So it would seem to a careless onlooker, for so it is meant, but to an old acquaintance that furtive over-shoulder glance bespeaks a world of nestling cares.

From this point I overlook the skating-pond meadow, and am reminded by myriad glancing, hovering wings, how entomology and ornithology laid rival siege to the young naturalist's heart.

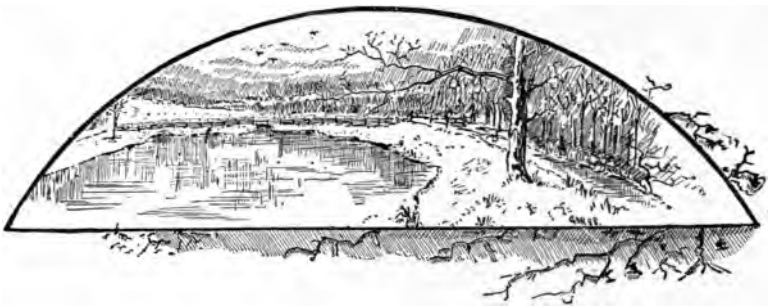
Nor were they our only loves in idleness. Inexhaustible were the finny resources of that deep pool which takes the overflow of Hickman's Run at its junction with the mill-race. All the life of the waters seemed to have sent representatives to winter here, and as my scoop-net rose and descended I fancied myself at the fountain head of fluvial life, where nature preserved against the warring elements the wherewithal to repeople her decimated aquaria. Yon sign post, in the wood-corner by the thicket, attracts me. "Jungle Idlewild!"

"O, be some other name:
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

And, in this case, sweeter, had they yet gone by unwritten titles,—Rara Avis Lane and Slap-Jack Hollow,—names given like pass-words, under one's breath, in the day when Idle-wild-ness knew no bounds, and jungle *was* jungle, in the sense of tropical, briery confusion, a place for neither small boy nor tall man, but happily suited to truant youths who jest at scars, and love to gain wisdom at the price of folly, rather than take it second-hand for nothing. . . . Terrors! Who can be, will be, reconciled to it? I mean that Banshee summons to meals! Thank my stars, I'll have none of it to-morrow; the Kensington Bull is an appetizer in comparison with the warring "whoop" of this tutelary spirit of the new regime. All this by way of introduction to the once nearest and dearest of Westtown oases,—I mean that little thicket at the end of the every-day bounds,—scene of nameless amateur discoveries,—loophole of retreat, gateway to the garden of butterflies in fields beyond. Methinks some of these catbirds are in their teens; one looks so wisely at me now. An old accomplice, I trow. Supperward follow me hence through the South woods,—those stateliest memorials of the old, quiet life. Here beneath their minster archways I pace silently, or, like Tell, hold out my hands to show they still are free. There was always a sacredness and awe-inspiring grandeur about this forest group that checked every profanation in youth's wild hey-day, and now that feeling has matured to reverence.

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—"

Alas! not even here will time loiter. To its galloping tune I break away. The circuit is complete. Rest thee here, faithful Editor, while thy gadding friend steers off, tangent-wise, on the homeward track.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE WESTTOWN COMMITTEE.

IN an article written for the Westtown Historical Committee, the writer says: "As we look back over the long list of Committee Friends who have watched over this institution for good, we find there many prominent in our Society within the last one hundred years,— familiar names to us,— and we feel that we could in this essay but inadequately present the value of their important services, the beauty of their Christian lives.

When we mention the name of Thomas Scattergood, we think of the true-hearted mourner in Zion; of George Dillwyn, we recall the gospel laborer in America and Europe, the pious author of "Dillwyn's Reflections." The name of Nicholas Waln brings to mind "the great, the rich, the wise, the learned man," who left the profession of the law and so impressively dedicated himself to a higher service; while Warner Mifflin appears as the friend of the slave. Rebecca Jones, William Savery, Samuel Bettle, Jacob Lindley, William Thomas, and Charles Evans, and many others, stand out as champions in a cause still dear to the hearts of their successors.

Very early in the list occurs the name of Humphrey Marshall.

Humphrey was a botanist, living near what is now the village of Marshallton, in Chester County. Here he had a botanical garden, the second in point of age in the United States. He wrote a catalogue of American forest trees and shrubs, with descriptions. He corresponded with Dr. Fothergill and other Englishmen, sending American plants for their gardens, or for their examination. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society, of which Benjamin Franklin was President. He died in the year 1801, and, being blind during his last days, probably knew little of the school he had helped to found.

It has been interesting to note how different members of the Committee have impressed the pupils at Westtown, and are remembered by them after the lapse of many years. Thus one of our contributors says:

Among the Committee Friends who visited us in those days (1830), the most prominent in my remembrance were Philip Garrett, whose athletic strength and activity made him popular with the boys, and Samuel Bettle, the elder, the superiority of whose mental powers gave him much influence in every circle in which he moved, and whose services as a minister of the Gospel were much appreciated. I well remember the effect produced by one of his sermons at the school, and how the voice of conscience bore testimony to the truth of his fervent appeal. In recalling his manner of talking with the boys when collected to receive advice on some topic affecting the school, I have often remembered what William Wirt said of the arguments of Chief Justice Marshall,— that he would commence by laying down some general proposition, which seemed to have but little bearing on the question at issue; but if that was once admitted, the conclusion followed as inevitably and as irresistibly as a demonstration in Euclid. Samuel Bettle was eminently a far-seeing man.

Another, recalling his Westtown days, tells us that there were those among the committee "whom we were always glad to see and to hear. Among these was the late Thomas Kite. Young as I was when I heard it, I recall a sermon preached by him at Westtown, which deeply interested me — which I have never forgotten.

"The subject matter was the account of Naaman, a great and honorable man with the King of Syria, but alas! a leper. Thomas Kite told us young people how it was a little captive maid who first put this great man in the way which led to his final recovery. He narrated the other incidents in this wonderful and beautiful history, spoke of the simplicity and power of faith, but that upon which he most dwelt was the fact that all these great results, humanly speaking, were due to the act, the words, and the faith of this *little captive maid.*

"Long, long ago as it was when I heard these words, I never read this thrilling chapter of the Old Testament without thinking of Westtown, and of him who there spoke them.

"Thomas Kite had a very tender place in his heart for little people. I was a very little fellow, and had a great fear lest I should remain so. He comforted me by telling me (how well I remember it!) that great big bundles were generally of but little value, but a diamond could be put in a very small package!"

The mention of the Committee does often, as in the case of the writer quoted above, recall the meetings for worship, in which the voices of some members of it have been heard year after year in tender warning, encouragement, or counsel.

Indeed, the meeting-room has as many memories clustered about it as any part of Old Westtown!

How apt we are to recall a school-mate as he or she "used to look coming in to meeting." How well we remember the teachers who sat before us in the gallery! How impressive was the hush that seemed to

fall upon the whole building when the tallest boy and the tallest girl had passed to their seats on the "side benches," the governor and governess had closed the doors and taken their places in the gallery, and the whole company sat in silence.

A description of a Westtown meeting about the year 1817 may be of interest to our readers.

"No doubt," says the author, "my contemporaries can recall the gatherings of our meetings for worship, the girls entering in pairs on one side of the wide open door, and the boys on the other,— the girls all dressed as nearly alike as possible, with small white capes, and a white pocket-handkerchief thrown across the arm."

Other attenders of the meeting are then described;—the tailor, the various domestics, among them being occasionally seen "the sable countenance of Sammy Collins, the baker," but always "with a troubled expression, as if he feared his crust was burning."

This author also tells how it was at one time the custom, in the First-day afternoon meetings, for four boys and four girls to be selected and "seated in the gallery with Bibles, each one being required to read a chapter aloud to the congregation." He adds, "The custom was abandoned before I left, and, I presume, never revived."

The meetings on the Fifth-day mornings just before the close of a session, will be remembered by many as times of especial solemnity. We came to them from all the excitements of "the last day," and it took the restless young minds and bodies even longer than usual, perhaps, to settle into stillness. But there was something in the thoughts of the home-coming so near at hand, and the parting from school-friends, that made even the most careless of us feel tender, and easily impressed. And that was a day upon which the galleries of the old meeting-room were filled, and our older friends (who had seen so many more partings and meetings) were entering into our feelings, and often

spoke some appropriate words, reminding us, perhaps, that we would never *all* meet together again, and stirring into fuller life our half-consciousness of the solemnity of that thought.

A Westtown meeting was always an interesting occasion to strangers, and one old scholar recalls the visit of a Western Friend (about 1840), who, after she had seen the long procession of boys and girls filing in, said, "I have often heard of Westtown; but I may say, like the Queen of *Sheby* (Sheba), that the half has not been told me."

Returning to the subject of our chapter, we can but regret that we have not more sketches of the members of the Westtown Committee to present to our readers.

The following is from the pen of one to whom its subject was a valued personal friend.

SAMUEL HILLES was one whose interests were long and closely identified with those of the institution. In very early life he was teacher there, and for many years served faithfully on the Committee, being a favorite visitor, with the girls especially, for whom he showed marked kindness and sympathy, and entered not only into their studies, but their sports, with avidity. A story is told of his jumping the rope with them in the old game of "Chase the Fox,"—with a long train in pursuit of his nimble feet.

He was "one of Nature's gentlemen," courteous and winning, with fastidious speech and habits, and had the faculty of attaching to him very strongly those he loved, while the wayward and disobedient received small mercy at his hands.

It has been well said of him, "The meekness and gentleness of Christian love shone conspicuously in his daily walk, and endeared him to many of all classes. His humility and condescension toward others

when engaged on committees or in private society, was indeed instructive to his younger friends, and proved itself the fruit of a crucified will under the power of Divine Grace."

In the obituary notice of this dear Friend it is stated that, on the day before he died, he had a conversation with a friend in which he seemed constrained to relate his own experience, in a way very unlike his usual reticent habit. In this interview he spoke of some of those early visitations, and, in particular, of a spot among the woods at Westtown, to which he used to retire to "prostrate himself in the presence of his Heavenly Father,"— where His presence had been especially manifested to him. And in his later life, in the silent meetings of the Society of Friends, he had the same experience renewed,— the sense of the love of his Heavenly Father so overpowering him at times, that he was fain to ask that the tide might be stayed."

Originally there were but forty-seven members of the Committee. A report was made to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1784, by a large Committee of Friends to whom had been left the consideration of the subject of establishing a boarding-school for the youth of the Society. They had been directed to* "take the whole subject into consideration,"— consult with such Friends as had for a length of time had the matter weightily on their minds,— and report their united judgment when ready.

Their judgment was that such an institution, if rightly conducted, "may tend to the prosperity of Truth, by promoting the real good of the rising generation." And therefore they recommended the appointment of a committee "to consider and digest a plan and rules for the government and management of the house, school and other parts of the economy."

* We quote from W. W. Dewees's History of Westtown.

"They proposed" (says W. W. D. in his History) "that the said Committee should be the agents for carrying out the concern, and should report regularly their progress. The meeting agreeing to this, a standing committee of forty-seven Friends was appointed, as recommended. The women's Yearly Meeting appointed seven of their number to join with men Friends in the service, as occasion might require."

The last sentence sounds rather odd to those who have known how useful the women Friends have proved themselves to be in "the service." But no doubt in the beginning, when the property was to be bought and buildings erected, there was more of distinctively men's work before the Committee. And perhaps the seven did such efficient work that it was not long before their sphere widened. We read, after the building had been erected, that "Women Friends interested themselves to good purpose in procuring beds, bedding, and many other articles requisite in housekeeping."

At one time, the Committee "selected from their number an acting Committee, upon whom devolved the chief labor of management. These visited the school frequently, and also resided there at times, filling such vacancies as could not otherwise be supplied. Thus Thomas Scattergood several times took charge of a class in writing."

One of our contributors has well said:

"And what a catalogue of honored names we find, of earnest, efficient workers, who, since 1794, have successively filled the ranks of the Committee having charge of this institution.

"Divided into sub-committees on 'Instruction,' on 'Admissions,' on 'the Library,' 'the Household,' 'the Farm,' and 'Finance,' they have given, and still give, thought and time and strength, perhaps

too little appreciated, ever keeping in view the chief object of its worthy founders, that of the 'religious, guarded education' of those committed to their care."

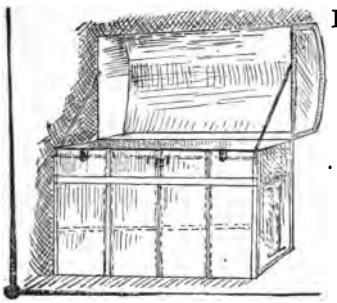
That such care has exercised an important influence on the lives of many, there is ample evidence, whilst the kindly notice of many of these dear Friends, as they moved socially among us, is held in grateful remembrance after the lapse of many years.

One who, long ago, lay sick in the old nursery, recalls the motherly sympathy of dear Jane Johnson, and the orange laid in her feverish hand by kind, stately Catharine Morris. And how many can speak of untold consolations given, when heart and strength failed them through longings for the far-away home!

And still this ministry goes on, while the religious concern for the occupants of the new building is, we believe, as deeply rooted as that felt in the past for those of the dear "Old Westtown."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.



IF the testimony of old Westtown scholars could be taken, it would tend to show, we think, that the greatest interests and excitements of a session clustered about its beginning and its close. The weeks and months in the middle of the term, when the regular routine was established, were "slow" by comparison. So we shall now glance at the opening and closing days; first as they now are, and then as they have been in former times.

Homesickness at Westtown has very much gone out of fashion, we are told; and indeed, not long ago, when a bright young girl with a large circle of home friends was being condoled with by one of them on the shortness of the four weeks vacation, she answered quickly, "Oh, I'll be glad when I get through, of course, but I don't mind going back. It used to look like a great black cloud before me when vacation came near its end, but now I am always ready to go back."

Compare this spirit with that of the children who ran away from Westtown, and braved the discipline of the School and the risks of being sent back, even if their escape was successful,—just because they were too homesick to stay. We have been told too of a Committee Friend (more kind than wise), who, one rainy autumn evening, at the

opening of a winter session, gathered a company of girls together in "the family parlor," and began to talk to them about that same malady.

"I wonder, dear girls," he began, "how many of you ever heard of a disease called nostalgia." None of the girls seemed to know about it, but all looked interested. "Well," the Friend proceeded, "it is called by some homesickness. Now I wonder which one of you is most affected." The faces of his audience had grown very sober, and here one of them, a lively Virginian, exclaimed with a burst of tears, "Oh, I am. I know *I* am."

Of course, even now, the sudden severing of home ties is hard for a new scholar, but petted children, used to every indulgence at home, seem often to thrive and be quite content in the more independent life of Westtown, as soon as they become used to it.

One of the improvements of modern times is that the pupils are put more immediately to work than was once the case. Eighteen or twenty years ago, perhaps later, new scholars must come on Second-day morning, and there were no regular lessons before Fourth-day, sometimes not much to study before Fifth or Sixth. The "test lesson" in Scripture came first, and some new scholars of that period will long remember the verses, which, in the zeal for work of some sort, were very thoroughly memorized.

To be sure there were other things to be done; cupboards and wash-room shelves to be chosen, beds selected, and measuring to determine the place in the collecting-room. But in all these things the new girl found herself at a great disadvantage. The old scholars hastened to pick out the best places for themselves and their friends in gallery and wash-room; or ran blithely about the bed-rooms, calling out, "Mary and I are going to save a bed for Hannah and Sallie in the west chamber, right next to ours. We've turned down the

pillows!" The new scholar wondered what this last expression might mean, and why the "west" and "middle" were so preferable to the "large" and "east" chambers.

When the tall measuring-rod, with its sliding gauge, was brought out to the collecting-room, and the teachers stood by to superintend, she stood in the eager crowd and heard such whispers as, "Crackers in her heels!" "Anna's going to stretch up to me!" "Josie and I are bound to collect together;" and thought it did not altogether depend upon measurements after all.

Even when she was summoned to "20," to have her trunk examined, she felt herself far the inferior of the girls who had been through it all before, and who seemed to feel no anxiety at all about their clothes being of the approved styles and colors.

But we do not wish to represent the new girl's condition as too friendless. Even if she had no acquaintance in the school among the old scholars, some girl was likely to venture small attentions; offer to take her "around the slats," or to show her the best way to arrange her "shelf," and the most desirable kind of wash-basin. Or another new scholar would shyly compare notes with her, moved by that "fellow-feeling" that "makes us wondrous kind." Still it was often a dreary time, with too much opportunity to think about home; and, especially if the weather happened to be dull or stormy, the homesickness became almost an epidemic, and the pillows of the small white beds in the great bare chambers were often dampened more thoroughly than the owners would have cared to confess.

Beside the improvement of beginning work more promptly, one who has been lately at Westtown thinks that the "welcoming committee," composed of old scholars, aids much in making things pleasant for the new comers.

Let us now turn back to the beginning of Westtown itself;

"Weston" it was then,—before "sessions" had been thought of. From the history written by Watson W. Dewees, we learn that "The school was opened on the 6th of Fifth month, 1799," with three teachers present and some members of the Committee. The names of seventy-three boys and sixty girls were on the books, as applicants for admission, but it was concluded to admit only twenty of each sex, at the beginning.

"One of them, William Evans, late of Philadelphia, makes the following mention of his early days at the school.

"It was quite a novel scene, and required time before a proper system of order and government was established. Everything seemed in a crude state; the yards not laid out and regulated, shavings and chips from the hewed timber and the shingles, the woods grown up very thick with bushes, so that it was difficult to get through them, all contributed to give the whole a rude appearance. All this made work and amusement for the boys, who employed themselves, under the supervision of the teachers, in burning up the great beds of shavings, cutting openings for walks through the woods, and making arbors with seats to recreate themselves in during the warm weather."

Says a member of the Westtown Historical Committee:

"We can obtain only an imperfect glimpse of those distant days, when Westtown was just starting on its career. One master, John Forsythe, was to take charge of the east end of the house, and it is related that on the First-day afternoon previous, he left his farm, some six miles distant, and, with his entire wardrobe packed in saddle-bags, made his way on horseback to the scene of his new labors. As he approached the building, he found it so surrounded by the rubbish made by the workmen, he was at a loss how to enter. Of a couple of boys,

his future pupils, who were there before him, he inquired about the way in. "This way, sir!" was the answer. The boy probably learned before very long that Westtown was not a place for the education of "Quaker sirs."

One Friend, whose entrance as a pupil occurred in Sixth month, 1799, tells us that as she with her sister and father drove up to the school, she was so charmed with the beauty of the scene, the leaves and grass then probably wearing the freshness of early summer, and the rubbish removed, that, in the fullness of her admiration, she exclaimed, "Oh! I shall never want to go away."

"In the absence of more definite information we can imagine the two-wheeled "chairs" of that period, with the trunks strapped on behind, driving up the lane or up the road that wound round the south yard, the eager eyes of new comers that looked forth scanning eagerly what was to be their home for the next twelve months — the Westtown or *Weston* about which this section of Quakerdom had been so long agitated. What boarding-school life would be they knew not, and many a misgiving, and many an anticipation never realized, no doubt filled the hearts of the boys and the girls, as they alighted and pursued their way to the hall door."

What they found within that hall door has already been recorded, We will give the experiences of a small boy who left his home in Philadelphia on a bright morning in the summer of 1817, to make his entrance on Westtown life. He has told the story himself in print, and we seem almost able to see him, choking down the feeling of suffocation that rose in his throat, and grasping his father's hand as he turns the corner of the familiar street.

"In our rear came a colored porter trundling a wheelbarrow, upon

which was my little spotted hair trunk, purchased for the occasion, in which was stowed all my worldly endowments, including a green baize bag filled with gingerbread of my mother's make, and which, in my estimation, none other ever equaled, and a bag of marbles, with the requisite number of 'white-alleys.' . . It seemed a long walk to the Cross-Keys Inn, near Fourth and Market Streets, where we found a four-horse stage awaiting us. . . . My trunk, with others, was secured in what was called the boot, a leather protuberance from the rear of the stage. I climbed up, and was wedged down tight in the middle seat between my father and a portly colored woman." The mirth of this passenger was excited by the small Westtown scholar's broad-brimmed beaver hat (with name and number pasted in the crown), which, he says, "gave me the appearance of an exaggerated mushroom."

The day's ride had many interesting incidents, to the boy, and "it was very late, near sunset, when, with the long flourish and loud crack of the whip in the hands of our driver, we turned into the lane which leads up to the School, and descended from the stage at the horse-block beside the fence, surrounded by the boys, who were clamorous for their bundles sent from home. Across the yard, in front of the gable entrance to the school, stood two rows of aspiring Lombardy poplars, like sentinels to guard the approach. . . The lane and the yard enclosure were filled with boys, whose merry shouts and laughter made the welkin ring, in the full enjoyment of their evening play, and I could hardly wait to have my name recorded in the library by the secretary and librarian, so anxious was I to join in the sport.

"It was not until my father had retired for the night to the farmhouse, at the foot of the hill, and the boys had been dismissed from the collecting-room to bed, that I fully realized the utter loneliness of my situation. That feeling is as vivid now as when the first tear of

boyhood bedewed my cheeks; and quietly weeping I fell asleep." The morning brought better cheer, however, and our friend was soon able to enjoy the games in the yard and the lane, without the home-sick tears that followed on this first night. Let us hope he had no such experience as the following, which the records of the Historical Committee relate:

A Westtown student of sixty-three years ago tells us that when, soon after his arrival, he essayed peacefully to watch a game among the other boys, a pair of hands from behind quickly pulled his hat down over his face so that the crown was torn out, and his head protruded skyward. The quiet remark in a strange voice from probably the offender, "Thy hair will grow better if it has more room," was not very softening to the feelings of the injured boy, as he violently, and well-nigh vainly, endeavored to pull the remains of the hat from his head.

Another pupil, a "new boy" in 1838, says:

"I was a very little fellow, and I remember how it amused me when we were all measured off, like pieces of calico, and assigned our places accordingly. The tallest boy in the school made a great impression on my youthful mind. He was a very long fellow indeed! No 'Belgian Giant' ever amazed me as he did. I wondered then, little fellow that I was, if, in the long lapse of years, I should ever grow to be so high as he was! I am happy to say, as yet I have not."

And now we give some extracts from the notes of a new scholar on the girls' side, at a later period. She says:

One Second-day afternoon, in the early part of Fifth mo., 1866, the unusual number of vehicles coming over the hills toward the Westtown Farm-house announced that another session had opened at the school. What thoughts and feelings were aroused, as the new scholar sighted the institution in the distance, can readily be imagined. "The Plank," so called, howbeit the planks then, as now, were only traditional, led up to Cape Lookout. No wire fence nor turnstile shut in the walk. "The Plank" was a much more sunny path then than now, but the spreading beech tree and the cedar guarded the entrances to the girls' bounds. If you paused at Cape Lookout you would see no public highway up the hollow from the street-road, no steam puffing out from the mill, no large barn by the dairy, no young orchard between Cape Fear and the Race. The orchards lay further along. And one thing was totally different from now — the feeling with which the place was approached. The grounds and the entrance never look now, and we think never can look again, as they used to do, because Westtown has grown to be something else than a mere boarding-school."

The sustaining and relieving part of Westtown life these first few days, lay in the novelty of the scene — in wondering what was going to happen next. "It was on Fourth-day afternoon of the first week that we were measured. In that day this was done by ranging all the girls around the collecting-room, posted against the wall, the smallest standing against the east wall next the platform, the height increasing at first trial with only approximate regularity, toward the south, and so on around to the west side." The teachers surveyed the scene, and rearranged the girls, making doubtful cases stand "back to back" for more certainty. This was before the days of the tall measuring rod with its sliding scale, which has touched the heads of so many girls who came later on the scene.

Our chronicler proceeds: "You may judge of the tiresome char-

acter of these first days from the fact that it was not till the end of the first week that we had much work to do. Examinations were given at times, but at others we were sent up into the (school) rooms and there sat, for no purpose that the new scholars saw, and with no result."

Just here it may be appropriate to say a few words about the connection of Westtown with the outer world. The following facts regarding the stage route have been gathered from the records of the Historical Committee.

In 1817, the Committee found that accommodations for carrying visitors and scholars to and from the school were needed, and a stage was provided by Wm. Reed, the farmer.

The stage ran between Westtown and Philadelphia, but just by what route is not known. Probably it varied from the Philadelphia and West Chester road to one through Media, or again to one between the two. The place of departure in Philadelphia was changed from one inn to another, being finally from the Pennsylvania Hotel, on Sixth street below Arch. It was not a remunerative enterprise at first, and the Committee had a deficiency of $177 to make up to Wm. Reed at the close of the first year.

In 1847, the stage driver delivered letters to parties in Philadelphia for six cents each, though at one time it was the custom to throw the mail for city Friends all together upon a table at the hotel where the stage stopped; whence those who were expecting epistles came and hunted them out.

Mail was carried (in 1847) between Philadelphia post-office and Westtown for three cents. About 1852, Westtown stamps were required on all students' letters (the appearance of these and the varied manner of putting them on the envelope are well remembered), but "in 1878

they were abolished, and a mail carrier hired by the school independent of the stage."

Committee Friends usually came in private conveyances; New Jersey Friends often stopping for Philadelphians as they came through the city.

"About 1848 the stage began running to West Chester (though at the first and last of a session students were brought from or taken to Philadelphia as before.) And the journey out embraced a variety of conveyances. First, there was a horse-car ride to the foot of the Schuylkill inclined plane; there a stationary engine raised the car to the top of the hill, where horses were in waiting to start on the trip to Columbia. At the Intersection the West Chester car switched off on the little Pan Handle railroad, by which it reached West Chester. Three changes of horses were needed for the journey. A tiresome stage ride from West Chester still remained over the hills on the Milltown road, the present road to West Chester not being made.

The close of a Westtown session has always been a time of rejoicing and hilarity, as is shown by the chronicles of old time, and recalled by many scholars of later periods.

One who was a Westtown girl about 1840 still remembers the last night of a session, and how it was a favorite diversion of the boys to lift up one end of a bedstead and let it drop, to the terror of the girls below, and sometimes with the result of a shower of plaster dust in their upturned faces.

Speaking of the close of the session a writer says, "That phase of the old stage line which will live longest in the memory of Westtowners is the grand times at the beginning, but more especially at the end of each term (after the school year was divided into sessions), when not only the big stage, but neighboring market wagons, were filled with noisy boys and laughing girls, intent on having the most enjoyable

frolic attainable; and a good-natured driver, who did not object to any kind of noise, was duly appreciated.

A few years later the homeward-bound pupils seem to have grown still more hilarious, for, we quote again:

"At present the orderly way in which our students disperse at the end of the term, gives no idea of the uproar and confusion common on the last Sixth-day, at the end of the session. Rising at four o'clock A. M., too excited to care for breakfast, and comparatively free from restraint, the hilarity of the pupils knew no bounds. One of the pet pleasures on the boy's part was unrestrained cheering; everybody, everything was cheered. It seems in some instances the girls tried to indulge in a return salute, but failed ingloriously.

"Stage load after stage load was carried over to the station, where cars for the boys and other cars for the girls were waiting on the side track. Into these the children were stowed, *and the doors locked.* Then the boys behaved outrageously, and amidst a confusion of noises the two Committee Friends placed in each car had anything but a peaceful ending to the term. One day the conductor, in terms easily understood, threatened expulsion from the train if better order was not preserved. Finally a coach of courageous boys promised to depart without the usual shouting, etc. The Committee saw fit to allow brothers and cousins (of opposite sex) to occupy one car; and gradually our students have learned to behave as well-bred people should, when they start for their homes."

The excitement attending the close of a session began with the first talk of "review," "writing off," and "examination." We can remember when review and the public oral examinations concluded the

work of a term, and but little note was taken of written examinations. Now these have grown in favor until the public display, which was the delight of some girls and the dread of others, is scarcely known.

Thirteen years ago, a plan of the public examination was carefully made out, and there were certain classes to which we went expecting to face a room full of visitors. Two recitations, generally, went on at once; and reciting in another room, and before such an audience, was so confusing to some of the best students, that they made an apparent failure, while a self-possessed scholar, with much less knowledge, had the advantage. I wonder how soon the bashful girls of a certain English history class will cease to remember with gratitude a tactful Committee Friend, who, seeing their confusion, took the opportunity to make some remarks upon a subject connected with the lesson, and gave them a chance to recover themselves a little?

By Fifth-day morning, the examinations were almost over. The trunks had been packed (this being a work of time with the girls, but a more speedy process with the boys, who, we have been informed, used their feet to compress articles into the desired space, and jumped on the top until the lid closed), and the older and stronger boys helped in carrying them down into the halls, in the interval between breakfast and meeting. In this interval also came "the clothes collection," in which the Committee Friends gave cautions on the subject of dress, and warnings that nothing "disallowable" should be brought at the beginning of the next session. The girls took parting strolls together, or penned "farewell notes." (Albums for autographs had been circulated the week before.)

Then came meeting, when the active bodies and rejoicing spirits were quieted for an hour. Then dinner; to which most of us paid little attention, having so many other matters to claim our thoughts. The members of the Catechism class walked about arm in arm, prac-

tising for their concert recitation, which was held in the collecting-room, and was the *finale* of the school routine.

Then the familiar hats and bonnets, which had adorned our heads when we arrived, and since rested safely in a large closet upstairs, were donned once more. What matter if they were a trifle shabby, and did not match our gloves or dresses. What matter if we carried some rather nondescript hand-baggage. What matter if we did look a little odd to the other passengers on the trains, and if our leave-taking were rather boisterous. *We were going home.*

THE END.